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Stanfield's wander in the wilderness—no report twixt Ramadan and asparagus

With one Big Day in Ottawa finally settled—Oct. 9, when Parliament is due for its first hot string since it closed shop in March—the soothsayers are now advising their vision toward a far greater mystery: Robert Stanfield's report on the Middle East. It was back on June 22 that Prime Minister Joe Clark handed Stanfield his lauded campaign promise to move the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, and Stanfield accepted, despite his stated intention to spend the summer doing nothing other than looking after his now lapsed asparagus crop in Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa. No deadline was set then, but it's a safe bet most government officials would just as soon never have to circle a date on their calendars. Firms MacDonald, who, as secretary of state for external affairs, has more reason than anyone to put off the highly controversial issue, recently told Morley's he has "no idea whatsoever" when Stanfield will be reporting. And when Stanfield himself was approached last week he begged off making any official comment, allowing only that intensive briefings were under way. The briefings are to be followed by a fact-finding visit, but MacDonald said it would be foolish for Stanfield even to consider going to the Middle East until Ramadan, the Muslim holy month, which begins this week, has passed, or until the Jewish holidays which follow are over. Then, of course, we're into

Thanksgiving back home, and then Hanukkah, Christmas, New Year's, Pioneer, Easter, perhaps even April Fool's Day—and soon after that, next year's asparagus crop will be crying out for fertilizer of its own.

With all the current talk of new directions for the Liberal party, one can now be ruled out reverse shortly after his electoral eclipse on May 22, Pierre Trudeau received a short—and unexpected—note. It carried some well-warranted and free advice from a former cabinet minister and fierce opponent. If you think it is best time to turn to the old hands for help, the new man, all you need to do is call. As of today, the old hand's phone has yet to ring. Let the guessing game begin.

The sighting in the capital of Margaret Reuber (pronounced Roy-bur), wife of the black of Montreal's chief economist Grant Reuber, has begun speculation that her house-baiting will end with Reuber, 34, as the new deputy-minister of finance, replacing Bill Hood in that all-important post. The move would be somewhat of a return for Reuber after completing his doctorate at Harvard, he spent two years at the Bank of Canada and another two with Finance from 1967

Stanfield and Clark: the PM's capital joke

to 1970. Reuber was an economic and administrative at his alma mater, the University of Western Ontario, where he turned the economics department into one of the tops in the country. He also became president while there, and it is said he only left Western because he was passed over for the presidency last year. "Grant makes enemies," says one associate. "The money comes because he is usually right—and people hate being told they are wrong."

Over at Tory national headquarters there's a large and bare room containing a clean, perfectly round rectangular table with a stack of red, white and—of course—blue rolling coeds on it announcing, "Lowell Murray, National Campaign Chairman, Progressive Conservative Party of Canada." The office and the table were both abandoned on May 22, the day the campaign wound wrapped up a prime minister's assignment for one Joe Clark. Murray went fishing, never, some said, to return to Ottawa again (at least, until the next election). Recently, however, he fished the pencils and came back, satiated as dusk as the very round table behind which he now sits, puzzling over what job to select as his just deserts. Bill Neville is already Clark's chief of staff, but Murray says he has no interest in that job anyway; nor, apparently, does he seek the chairman's hat of directing the party at large. There is even a rumor that he will be going to the Senate as government leader. Of course, none of that matters a hoot. As one Tory source strategized told Morley's: "We all know that wherever Lowell sits is the head of the table anyway."



Reuber: the politician is usually right



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About 450 of the movie actors, vocal and respected citizens of Point St. Charles had just seen a preview of *The Point*, a National Film Board documentary profile of their home town—as it is today, close-knit and cockily English-speaking working-class district in the heart of St. Louis. The film, which was unveiled last night during ball of Mayor's Taverna, spring on rows and rows of smoking chairs, they had seen themselves as film-maker Robert Duncan and thousands of other Bobemblers as they tough, independent, self-sufficient, and a little bit proud. They had seen, and, sadly, disappearing. As the last images flickered across the portable screen, these citizens of the Point associated with typical panache, warm applause, two fights and 15 minutes.

Commenting on the film's emphasis on the \$6 million in welfare payments a year that fuels the Point's economy, an ample, waspish matron sniffed, "It's the truth. Even if it is unpleasant." Tommy Morrow, a member of the board of management of the Point St. Charles Boys and Girls Club, was so incensed by disparaging comments made in the film by one Ken Toddy concerning the drinking and spending habits of the citizens of the Point that he invited a rattled Mr. Toddy to accompany him into the slum.

"The Upper," Rose Charles, was looking for Walter (Lenny) Bedrick, a former organizer for the ward-healing, wartime political office of the Palm, Frank Hanley. Charles was not to settle a six-year-old grudge concerning a roughing-up given to a friend—who, coincidentally, was a political opponent of Hanley's. Bedrick's presence in the film—and now in the hall—was enough to incite all-out flames. Luckily, cooler heads prevailed in the two main hosts, but elsewhere in the hall, over examples, sandwiches and cold ale, the film was badly debated.

It is a season for hot debate both in and about the Court. Knifish Monrovia



Legionnaires included in The Panel (personal
Robert Quinlan, employee, and Edinoffs)

His life and he didn't even know there was a poor English community. There are 600,000 English-speaking people in Montreal. I say that to people in Vancouver and their jaws drop. I tell that to a girl from Quebec City, pointing out that that's more than the population of Quebec City, and she won't believe me. She can't believe me."

At the preview, critics of the film, in the best blunt-spoken traditions of the Poist, took their challenges to Duncan and threw them in his face. Some said the poverty had been overemphasized, others wanted to know why only bearded-up peasants, and not some of the lively hoppers, were shown. And where were the successful native sons? Hockey alldroper Gump Worsley, construction magnate Ernest Kanan, or Montreal Alouettes' general manager Bob Grier? Others wanted to know why the hockey team was the only memorable element of the film. If the movie's halfway honest, the social critics' food co-op, the housing co-op, the meals-on-wheels plan, the sports and recreation programs

"I've had enough of this negative garbage," barked the scrappy Tommy Burton. "Every time they say anything about the Poort, it's the same-old stuff. I don't live in a ghetto. It keeps hitting you in the face, in all the stuff you see about the Poort—'You're no good, you live in a slum.' How do you explain it to your kids?" It's a lament, "nightly native son Fernando," Duncan only talked

to the establishment Irish, the old had boys. He didn't talk to none of the new bad boys. Lee's Boys (a sports association) gave him the Chinese tour of the Point. He only saw what they wanted him to see."



"I wanted to make a film that showed that not all the English in Montreal live on the hills of Westmount or in the suburbs of the West Island," he explains. "The guy who cut the sound for the film, he's French, he's based in Montreal."

But even the critics had to admit that Duncan had captured the indelible spirit of Point St. Charles, the rowdy place and character at the annual Louisiana Bayou Boogie, an event that has become a must speaker, holiday star Bob Guiney, couldn't be heard for the noise, the thousands of people, the dancing, the food, the discoed Viceroy. Day banders set up in sheds, alleys and streets all over the neighborhood and the evening game of cut-and-meet with the fire department, the cheerful admission of ball-stuffing and vote-rigging is bygone electronic, the gaggle of two-speed, proudly crowing the Point's unofficial theme song.

We don't care for all the rest of
Canada.
All the rest of Canada, all the rest of
Canada.

We don't care for all the rest of Canada.

We're on Point St. Charles
And the film course appears to terms
with some of the tragedies of Point St.
Charles empty factories and warehouses,
the caressed Locking "The Riviera" —
His stagnant and muddy waters have to
ruining balls and an open invitation to
dismaster for the children of the neighborhood,
the widowed mother of five for
whom welfare has become a way of life.
Joe Moll, treasurer of Louis Boys, admits
there could have been worse pictures
for the Point in the film. "Sure there's
negative stuff in the film. But it could've
been worse—Thursday nights at
the tavern, the kids in the pool hall,
the fights, some of that's in there."

Meanwhile, look at the preview, an-



Singer Roger Dowse (left), children play in street: © Canada, © Photo 35, Charlie

...the other Pot St. Charles tradition he
reared his head. Is an attempt to defuse
the tensions in the room, insurance
agent Frank Monroe had commandeered
a microphone, and as he has over the
past 25 years, poured the oil of en-
tertainment on those troubled waters.
He called Roger (Jo Corrado) Deneen up
for a couple of songs, and the crowd was
soon singing and clapping along with
McNemara's Band That was followed
by a haunting Irish ballad from a
breakingly beautiful soprano
from Dublin. Chile. PAID (12)
and down the spine of even those

who addressed not a word of the Gaelic song lyrics. "The Point's a lot like Elba," said Pennario, an staunch, misty-eyed Al at the white ceremony as her juxtaposition with Doucet. "Either very good, or very bad." Even Robert Doucet took a turn at the mike: "I tried to refuse," he grins wryly. "But someone said 'I'm not a quitter.' So I went back and accepted the challenge like that in the Point. So, throwing back his head, closing his eyes and clutching a bottle of beer to his face, Doucet sang *Tramòs an Aghaid*, a venerable Scottish ballad that was once a hit, and climaxed his rights to the crowd's warmest applause with approval.

The Poet may be down, as Danca's folks might, but it's a long way from out. The fighting spirit is as fierce as ever, and many of the inhabitants are prepared to never before to do battle in order to clean up the neighborhood. People are upset by what they see and hear. "I don't want to see any more babies in our own streets," says a woman. Then he laughs at the irony of an English Montezucela borrowing a phrase from the Québécois nationalist lexicon. "Point St. Charles is where I'm from. It's where my family's from. The Mellée's been here since the 1850s. People were here. They're interested in their people's problems. And they get things done. We're not coming out for commitments and studies. We're down here, not talking."



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Frontlines

Survival: a family affair

"Everything is possible," vowed Jankel Kuperblum 36 years ago when, as a 13-year-old Polish Jew, he had just beaten the odds and survived the Nazi invasion of his hometown. It was this faith in the possible that drove him over the subsequent decades—while building a successful career in Toronto, as a film-maker and author—to track down his father, hidden behind curtains of Soviet red tape. Under his adopted name of Jack Kuper, he wrote in his autobiography, *Child of the Holocaust*, in 1986, at the nightmare of his childhood. All the while he kept alive the hope of a reunion with the one surviving member of his family (his mother and brother had died in a concentration camp). Since the book's publication, hundreds of readers have written him to ask: "Did you ever find your father?" Now he can answer, "Yes."



Last month, Kuper's long battle against official Soviet silence about his father's whereabouts and bureaucratic obfuscation, was won. He flew to New York to embrace his father, Zelek, who after nearly 46 years in the Soviet Union—eight of these in a Siberian prison—was finally released for good. Zelek Kuperblum has changed a lot since his young son broke him farewell in 1939. As a Jew and an avowed Communist, Zelek knew he would be one of the



First victim of the Nazi invasion and so, degraded as a Polish soldier, he escaped to Russia where he joined the home army. While he was digging trenches, his nine-year-old son was learning a bitter lesson about survival in war-torn Europe. His mother and brother disappeared—"vanished away like cattle," according to a witness—and the boy took shelter with a neighbor, sending cows in exchange for food and board.

His temporary security was destroyed when a German agent overheard every former occupying a Jew to bring him to Gestapo headquarters or be shot, along with the farmer's family and 10 of his neighbors. Kuperblum fled—his adversary had begun.

As the Nazis moved closer, the boy fled from town to town, finally to family. He disguised his identity with false names and used his emerging talent as an artist to win bread and board. Plagued by lice and sores and obsessed by fear that his treachery would be discovered (and with it, his Jewish identity), he survived hunger, hostility and the constant threat of death. In the end, his survival nearly killed him, because of the frantic path he engendered. When the war was over, 13-year-old Jankel put a belt around his neck and tried to hang himself. He was saved by his employer who, unaware of Jankel's personal history, asked, "Why did you do it?" It would be many years before he found the words with which to explain.

After the war, 13-year-old Jankel wrote to the Polish embassy in Moscow and to the Russian Red Cross in Moscow. Did anyone know if his father was still alive? The long silence was finally broken in 1961 when Kuper, then an art student in Toronto, received a letter from a stranger in Israel saying "If your name is Jankel Kuperblum, your mother is still alive." Kuper, knowing his mother was dead, wrote back demanding an explanation. Another letter arrived from the unknown correspondent correcting the original information—it was his father who had survived.

The full story unfolded over the next eight years. Zelek had been arrested as a Jew during the Stalin purges and was

thrown into a Siberian prison. His release came during the Khrushchev years, but it wasn't until 1961 that he was allowed to leave Russia to visit his son. Kuper rushed to Montreal to meet him at the airport. "I turned around and there facing me was a little man bearing two bags wrapped in newspaper. One held a samovar, the other, a mandarin. He dropped everything and we fell into each other's arms."

After six months, Kuper's father went back to Russia where his second wife had guaranteed his return. It was his wife, Jack's stepmother, who had written the mysterious message, years before. During his first stay in Canada, Zelek Kuperblum began to learn English. Some time later, Kuper received a letter from him saying, "I finally learned enough English to read your book. I never realized what you had gone through."

Jack Kuper's long struggle to arrange his father's permanent release from Russia continued. He wrote repeatedly and in detail to the Russian embassy in Canada but received nothing more than terse replies. He even consulted a group dedicated to helping free Russian Jews, but they were unable to help, admitting they didn't know how Russians for release were actually made. Finally, last spring, when all else had failed, Kuper's lawyer, Moss Berman, asked Senator Keith Ducey and the external affairs department of former minister Dan Claitor for help.

The Canadian government teleaxed a message to Moscow, and within two weeks the estranged Kuper heard that his father and stepmother had been released and were on their way to the United States. *Contender?* As Kuper says, "We never knew."

Now that he's a free man, what will Zelek Kuperblum do? "I want to go to work," he says simply. Stronger today at 70 than he was 10 years ago, he eats only one vegetable meal daily and exercises regularly. "I'm ahead of his big nephew," marvels his son. "If I had to find one word for him, it would be 'survivor'." The elder Kuperblum lived through his incarceration in Siberia by becoming a jock of all trades through reading, while other prisoners turned to drink or homosexuality. "If someone needed a robber, there he was. If they needed a cook, he knew how," Kuper says. His father's greatest worry? "That I'd be in the middle of a good book, and they'd come in."

As Kuper is personally pleased with the timing of Zelek's return—just in time for his granddaughter's August wedding. The Kuperblum family is whole again. **Chirle Gurus**

Shootout on feisty Beverley Street

The producers mistakenly thought Toronto's Beverley Street would be perfect. It had a back alley wide enough for a lumbering garbage truck, houses cramped, yet large enough to accommodate cast, crew and lights, and just the right degree of dilapidation to suggest a modern-day Philadelphia scene, the setting of the \$2-million American feature film *Happy Birthday, Genes*.

"We came to Canada because we heard it was a film-making mecca," explains *Happy Birthday, Genes* Producer Rupert Hines, referring to the variety of locations, the relatively calm urban summer and, not incidentally, the shrunken dollar. But, adds Hines, "We picked the wrong neighborhood."

Unwittingly, the film crew had landed smack in the middle of one of Toronto's most politically sophisticated residents' associations, known as the Canada Trust Tenants' Union, which, for a decade, has been battling developers and governments to preserve its low-rise neighborhood from high-rise redevelopment. And like the developers, the associations raised problems that brought out the neighborhood's fighting spirit.

"They were asking us to give up a whole lot," says a six-year-old Beverley Street resident, Osa Rankhalskewitz—the black's very articulate ring-leader—who notes that only two households were warned about the film and were duly relocated. "Everyone else lost their parking spaces, had to stay inside their houses [during filming], couldn't move their lawns. There was constant noise and bright lights shining into windows until 4 a.m."

"They told me I could only rehearse on my lunch hour," says Bruce Scott, a co-set designer who, like Rankhalskewitz, found himself sharing a party wall with the film company. "I was told I was interfering with art. I told them they could film on my lunch hour because they were interfering with my career."



Concerned tenant Janis Lewis on Beverley Street set (above). Madeline Kahn shoots a scene; the neighbors waste no time.



But the battle of Beverley Street had been joined in earnest. Instead of the expected crowd of local movie stardom hopefuls and star watchers crowding the set for a glimpse of Madeline Kahn or Rita Moreno, *Happy Birthday, Genes* producers found the street's residents' chairs almost pulled out from under them. The CTTU, whose membership includes many professionals, were not bluffing when they threatened to obtain a court injunction against the shooting. When meetings with the film company resulted in a stalemate, the CTTU forced city hall to lay charges—since the shoot, which began June 18, violated



the residential zoning bylaw.

But the rumors kept rolling around, so producers declared a mild open-house: one resident erected a huge canopy in his backyard, then closed a number of houses in yards of army camouflage cloth. Rankhalskewitz, obviously took before and after photos of the site. The filmers countered with their own series of offering a bit of "glamor" for neighbors and their children—free donuts and maybe a free dress here and there. But Beverley Street wouldn't budge.

"I've shot in almost every city in the world and I've never encountered anything like this," said Hines. The film-makers, who had already invested \$24,000 on the site, panicked. In desperation, Hines's partner, American actor Alan King, persuaded New York Mayor Ed Koch's office to plead with Toronto's Mayor John Sewell for co-operation. (Sewell mistakenly called back Canadian film director Allan King, who was understandably confused. "We don't do things like that in Canada," he reassured Sewell.)

Into the fray rushed a new production manager, John Quill, hired by the film's worried guarantor "because there was more soap opera off the set than on," and negotiations were re-opened. In return for compensation to the residents most disrupted by the filming (\$2,000 to two households, \$750 to a third), a donation to the tenants' association, the hiring of two residents to act as liaisons with the crew and an agreement to pay for damages, replace trees that had been cut down and give adequate notice of shooting schedules, the residents agreed to co-operate and lay no more charges. And provided the city covered its original stake in early August, the city would not take the film-makers to court for the zoning violations.

The battle of Beverley Street was an embarrassment that Brian Villeneuve, consultant in the film industry development office of the Ontario Ministry of Industry and Commerce, doesn't want to see repeated. His office will spend \$28,000 on publicity over the next 12 months to attract film-makers to Ontario (BC and Alberta have similar programs), and he wants the province to live up to its promise to attract film-makers.

Nighttime productions will be filmed in September and October, the bulk in Toronto. "A lot of news in the [film] industry travels by word of mouth," insists Villeneuve. "It's a simple matter for there to be an avalanche." To ensure they don't, Villeneuve, backed by the Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC) and the Canadian Associa-

tion of Motion Picture Producers (CAMPP), has convinced Toronto's city council to establish a film industry liaison office along the lines of those in New York and Montreal, which, with one phone call will steer film-makers through the kind of municipal red tape that has frustrated producers in the past. "We don't want the city hall bureaucracy to inhibit a good thing," explains acting film liaison officer Marilyn Spink, Sewell's assistant, "but at

the same time, we want to see that location shooting doesn't intrude on people's lives."

City hall may soon have a firsthand opportunity to see what it's like to have a film crew camped in one's yard. Sefel Pictures International intend to film part of *The Kidnapping of the President* in Toronto this fall. Where do they want to park their vans, lights, and crew for one week? On the city hall square.

Lois Deane

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Elvström on Lake Couchichewig after years on the water, winning isn't everything

maybe it was his quiet manner, his broad-dog face and unpretentious demeanor.

Whatever it was, he was doomed to disappoint someone some time, and it happened in such a predictable way. A radio reporter, anxious for a transcriptable quote on the eve of the '32 Olympics, fired an obvious question at Elvström: "Do you think you can win?" To which Elvström gave what he considered an obvious reply: "I don't think I can lose." That remark brought the attention by mail and telephone, bragart, excited gop, and much worse. The words diled his races and his head on the night before the race. He had to win. That's when he first felt the emotions in his chest.

He fought the nerves until the 1936 Olympics in Italy, when they finally beat him. The night before the race that would clinch his gold medal, he was stretched across the Olympic Village floor. He recuperated in time to win the contest, but told the press that he was going to give up international competition, for Elvström knew that he needed a break. "I was convinced," he says, "that I would never race again. I thought I would never be back in yachting. I thought I'd be enjoying the rest of my life." Just 31 months earlier he had passed out during the Sage world championships in Brazil, and during that series was disqualified for the only time in his career—without even knowing he had failed a competitor. He sat for five years.

During his retirement, Elvström would sit in Copenhagen harbor and watch the sailing races out at sea. Viewing a race from shore gave a different perspective. The boats became a part of a whole, a vista of what's going on in the water, instead of the decisions competing against one another. Elvström could barely discern the sailors. "That," he says, "gave me the feeling that the result would never again be that important."

He stayed in the Tokyo Olympics as an observer. It was a twist, would the urge to race return, minus the bad nerves? Since 1940, he had suspected that merely the thought of a race would bring on the anguish. He thought about racing in Tokyo, and the old desire to make a new high. He was reluctant to racing the following year. "When I came back in 1945 I read in three championships I was two and came in second in the third. It really didn't matter."

He still races, and he still wins. When he received the OSA invitation to come to Canada, he accepted for no fee, just expenses. Now his philosophy of racing

in partnership. He wants to pass it on to the next generation. He doesn't want them to pressure themselves into breakdowns. After years of mental stress and personal setbacks, Elvström has concluded that, being on the water is important; competing is important; competing against friends is important; winning isn't. "I dream that those young boys can learn to play together," Elvström said at the last training session. "They are lucky. They share the same hobby. When the gun goes, they should be ready. But the result should never be more important than what it is. It's not so important who's first and who's second. The 31 years old and the older you are, the more you realize you should enjoy your life. I know now that I'd be just as happy if I'd never won any gold medals."

All of which new notes to work well for Paul Elvström. After all, he has got the gold medals he has had the glory. He had the chance to win and fail and win again. The group of 80 young sailors under his tutelage were more concerned with learning the ropes from the greatest sailor of their time than hearing a middle-aged philosopher talk. They had heard of Elvström all their lives. They admired the name and the record of achievement. They had read his books and memorized his techniques. They had used his equipment and laughed about their Elvström skills. And now he stood before them. They wanted the formula.

They were lost, all sitting toward the finish, most hoping for a spot on the next Canadian Olympic team. Their training week on Lake Couchichewig was supposed to prepare them for the first of the Olympic trials at Orono, Canadian Olympic Regatta, Kingston, at the end of August. When they questioned his philosophy, when they asked how the amateur sailor becomes a winning sailor, Elvström would reply: "When you're happy, you're a winner. It's not a technical thing. They wanted to believe, but they were skeptical. It's difficult when you're 35 years old and it's 1973, when you're a member of the '76 generation, when you've been told winning isn't everything; it is the only thing." "He's a man who was with a very fairly fine and a very kind smile," said Ontario Sailing Association official. "But if he thinks he can sell this kind what it's taken him 30 years and a bunch of nervous breakdowns to learn, he's a winner that way." The official asked not to be identified. After all, sailing is a gentlemanly sport and Elvström was a guest. ☐

Portrait

Frontlines

Elvström rules the waves

By Ken Becker

I started in the pit of his stomach. He would be thinking about the race, one second methodically plotting his strategy and the next lighting on empty, glowing feeling. The more he thought about the excitement, the more he would try to relax on the race. But the harder he tried, the more difficult it would be, until it was a blur. Suddenly, the cold, precise calculations would all become questions, questions he forgot the answers to. What if the water is choppy? What if it's calm? What if the wind blows out of the northeast? The southwest? And what about the Americans? The Englishmen? The Dutchmen? The Swedes? Concentrate! Harder! It was no use. He would sit in his room the night before a race and try to fight the questions. He wouldn't sleep. He would be sick. It became a routine. He would expect it and it always came.

For seven years he fought the pre-race demons, then each time he lost these following day on the racecourse, he explained last month at the Ontario Sailing Association base on Lake Couchichewig near Orillia, Ontario, where he was teaching a course. "When the gun went off, I was absolutely calm," says Paul Elvström. "Then I could see my competitors, the water, everything. I would know what to do and I would do it, without thinking. Just the night before a man was always the winner. The nervous. They got worse and worse." In 1968, the nervous won their first round. Elvström had a breakdown, but he kept racing. In 1969, at the age of 32, he was the undisputed champion of yachting. He had won four Olympic gold medals, secured championships and world titles—this is a sport where an expert counts himself lucky if, after a dozen years, he has competed in a world championship and finished in the top

30 at one Olympics. Further, Elvström's international fame spread to half a dozen classes of sailboats; he has won at least one world or Olympic title in the Pinnip, Finn, 5-6-3, Snipe, 5.5-metre, and the Star.

As a dinghy sailor (see-man), he had been unbeatable. As a crew member, he had always contributed—just enough to win. As an instructor in boat design and racing tactics, he had been an expert in this century. Even today, he's every bit as revered in his sport as Polo was in his, or Borg, or Newkiss, or Ruth as U.S. was in theirs. Only the fact that yachting has maintained a low profile—no \$100,000 winner-take-all races on TV—has prevented Elvström from becoming an international celebrity. He has simply been better at what he does than anyone else. And that's why the Ontario Sailing Association considered it such a coup when it lured Elvström as an instructor for the province's Pan

team during an intensive training week in mid-July.

The Finn is a dinghy, the only one-man craft among the six Olympic classes. It's the boat in which Elvström won an Olympic gold medal in 1936 (its inaugural year), and again in 1956. It has always been his one true love, his first love, his baby, so to speak. It's a young man's boat, a strong man's boat, a first yet temperamental craft that requires constant control and concentration. It was the Finn race at the '32 Helsinki Olympics that led to Elvström's war with his nerves.

He was 24 when he went to Helsinki. He already possessed a gold medal, won at the London games in '36. During those four intervening years, in post-war Europe, people looked for heroes. His Paul Elvström, known not wearing uniforms. He was an apt choice returned to racing the following year. "When I came back in 1945 I read in three championships I was two and came in second in the third. It really didn't matter."

Next to godliness

The words of Gerald Bennett Cardinal Carter in *A Prayer of the Church* (July 2) that "Our civilization is a civilization of despair, discouragement, and 'We have already taken away from ourselves a sense of purpose,' have been repeated by thoughtful people everywhere. In view of this, Bill MacVicar's review *A Carney Barker for God* (July 2), of Marshall Prady's book *Billy Graham: A Portrait of American Evangelism*, is an exercise in futility. Graham has sought to introduce people to the living Christ who can give them hope and a sense of direction and purpose in life.

TORR JORDSON,
PITCHER-CREEK, ALTA.

The old skin game

My family has enjoyed the content of your magazine, finding a unique balance of intellect and journalism put forth in a true professional manner. However, the color photo of Vancouver's Dorothy Skerton (*People*, July 9) is the last I appear to be a poor excuse for worthless Canadian content. Not only is it set and should not be offensive. What is offensive is a sizable orange of yet another young woman posing nude and fornicating in the media because she has exposed herself to an affluent group of bachelors who are disappointed as men. Good-looking bodies are a dime a dozen. Surely your readers would benefit more from a far different exposure that of the talent and talent constantly forming the heart of national identity with the minority is deserves. Unlike most printed media, *Maclean's* can hold its own and leave the centrist girls to their short-lived pants to the back.

SHIRLEY SCHILLER, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.



Joseph Skerton: He reviews the spirit

The calm of the wild

A Place to Rest (July 16) is just what our national parks should be. They are far from those who have a yearning to return to nature and renew themselves for life's inevitable conflicts, with a quiet, unassuming, with our ancient origins. For those who want drinking, dining or artificial entertainment, the parks are not the answer. They will find their kind of atmosphere in urban centres, where they should stay, leaving the quietness of nature to those who want "quiet on the spot, soft on the ears. A place to rest." I love to be alone with nature, or being fascinated with the steady beat of the waves of the ocean endlessly breaking on the beach or against rocks. It soothes away one's troubles and re-

vives the spirit which has been stifled with life's troubles and frustrations. Our parks can and should be truly a place to rest and to revive one's self for life.

CLARKE PATTISON,
TORONTO

Happy Birthday, R.I.P.

Peter C Newman's study of Elper's side-over of Elper in *Rolling for Indians* (July 9) was fascinating indeed, but only touched the tip of the iceberg. Along with a front cover that seemed to praise the efforts of Peter Newman and an editorial by Newman about Canada's birthday, the whole story seems to be somewhat farcical. Corporate take-overs seem to be something of an unexciting and frightening pace. Our banks and major corporations have interlocking directorates that also cross the United States border. Instead of celebrating Canada's birthday, Newman should have been attacking the forces of freedom and individual enterprise.

DEAN LARLEY,
LONDON, ONT.

Cabinet timber?

New Faces of '79 (June 28), a photograph of the new Clark cabinet taken immediately after they were sworn in, is most appropriate and important historical record that reflects the nature of our government system. In the caption you list the new cabinet by name, by constituency and by cabinet responsibility, but the government general is identified only as photo session guest Edward Schreyer. What is wrong with the title "government-general"? It represents the Queen. It is proper to be included in the photo of the new government with him.

C.N. CAMPBELL,
WEST VANCOUVER

Innocence abroad

I feel the item on Ray Griffin (*People*, July 9) was rather unfair. Griffin's Canada album is top-rate. It is simply a very talented man reflecting on his youth in Canada. As well established as he is in the music industry, if he were primarily interested in the monetary rewards, Canada would be a poor choice for an album subject. I am sure writing songs for people like *Daily Planet* would be more lucrative. I guess Ray has proven once again what many Canadian artists have found, you really can never go home again.

TERA HUTT, CLARENCEBURG, N.J.



World

The Commonwealth's burden

The main question before Joe Clark and other heads of government attending the Commonwealth conference in London next week will be whether black and white members of the ex-colonial club can agree on how Zimbabwe Rhodesia should best make its transition from white minority to black majority rule. Most black African leaders are due at the opening reception the newly elected government under Bishop Abel Muzorewa and will be arguing their case with leaders from Canada and New Zealand and—most important of all—Margaret Thatcher of Britain. Expected to sit in on reports *Maclean's* Africa bureau chief, in the question of what role the white men have in post-colonial Africa.

By Dan Turner

The spelling was slightly off, but Zulu chief Gladys Buthe didn't have to turn to a dictionary to get the message, nor to a doctor to tell him his blood pressure was rising. "Wag, Malaka," begged the elderly black man, depicted in the advertisement spread across the South African edition of *Maclean's* Digest. "For nowhere in the world will they need someone like you as much as we do."

Malaka—properly spelled Malakula—has always been a title of respect within traditional Zulu society, but it has also become a term used by blacks to show deference to white authority figures such as employers and policemen. The advertisement, published last March, pointed out that 69,000 whites had left South Africa for other countries in the preceding 20 months. An apparent plea from the country's black community asking whites not to abandon them, it was, in fact, played in the magazine by worried whites.

"I view the whole tone of the advertisement with great distaste," fumed Buthe, "because as it plays up white supremacy as if we blacks liked the system." Yet, he agreed, the departure of whites with badly needed skills was to be regretted. But he would rather that they went than that someone should have to plead with them to stay. "To remain top dogs and we blacks remain underdogs."

The role of the white man is an urgent and controversial question not only in South Africa—the last bastion of full-

Phonetic: In the past, whites have been in the pursuit of blacks from Mozambique and (insert) six key African leaders. He has the power.

ledged white minority rule on the continent. It is also a sensitive subject in black-ruled countries from Zambia to Nigeria—most of them with their own contingents of resident or visiting whites to deal with. And nowhere does the issue come into fuller focus than in Zimbabwe Rhodesia, a country where a war of beliefs and words is being fought to determine which is most important to the nation's fate: the continent's future white status or black pride.

The Commonwealth conference will write a critical chapter in Africa's history, as 30-odd heads of government wrestle with the issue of whether the outside world should recognize the newly elected governments, led by Bishop Abel Muzorewa, in Salisbury.

Zambia itself is part of the Zimbabwe Rhodesia battleground. President Kenneth Kaunda has turned Zambia into a military target by providing refuge for more than 20,000 troops of Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) which, in conjunction with Robert Mugabe's Zimbabwe African Na-

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Internal Union (ZANU), content to wage a brutal guerrilla war against the British government, Rhodesia's elections in April transformed rural leadership from the white minority regime of Ian Smith to black majority rule under Murewa.

No country has yet recognized the new government or withdrawn from the un-imposed trade blockade against it. But Britain—officially Zimbabwe Rhodesia's colonial master—and the United States are fitting with both possibilities. Speaking for the television camera, politicians such as U.S. President Jimmy Carter (who has so far refused to bow to congressional pressure for withdrawal of sanctions) cite the major issue as being whether the outgoing white government conducted "free and fair" elections. In fact, the elections appeared as free and fair as anyone could expect given a war situation and the intimidation from both sides that goes with it. They certainly came considerably closer to the Western concept of the democratic process than just about anything black- or white-ruled Africa has yet produced. Rhodesia itself was its most recent presidential election last December only after eliminating all other candidates through a far-fetched constitutional amendment. And the African pattern, for the most part, has been military take-over and one-party government in black-ruled states, and the denial of the franchise to massive non-white majorities in South Africa and the old Rhodesia.

For many reasons, it is the election, though it transferred Rhodesia to black majority rule, was to many black Africans a leadership vacuum. It was to many black African leaders a capitulation to the anathema of their political lives—white supremacy. The agreement Smith managed to negotiate gave the country's 250,000 whites—four per cent of the population—58 per cent of the seats in parliament and constitutional guarantees of retaining control of the country's civil service, judiciary, police and military for at least another decade.

Particularly galling to many such as Kaunda and Julius Nyerere of Tanzania is that the election never would have been held had it not been for the force pressure applied by Mugabe and Nasser's guerrilla forces—with the black leaders' support. To be satisfied with a government so obviously the creature of a white enclave, despite their best efforts to resist the man who evoked the foundation of a white Rhodesian infrastructure, would be yet another humiliation by the white world.

The problems of Zimbabwe Rhodesia illustrate in fact how black Rhodesia's terrible dilemma: what to do with its whites. On the one hand, as westerners of colonial domination and of black Africa's continuing inferiority in the economic realm, they aggravate psychological wounds. On the other hand, they usually have a desirable degree of technical competence, a consistency in desperate shortage as a constant plagued with the double agony of rising expectations and economic deprivation.



Rhodesian soldiers admire trophies near Umtali, white skulls versus black pride

There are five tall thin white faces on the dark continent. Five million strong 500 million. Some are driven by profit; some by adventure, some by love of God, humanity or the land. Some cling to the

comfort of it all; some were born there and have nowhere else to go. Some, known as "expatriates," are in Africa temporarily, usually as two- or three-year contracts. If they leave back often enough—via train and more and more are doing—there are scanner back home—they qualify as "old Africa hands."

There are about 500,000 of these. Many are citizens of the old colonial powers, including France (estimated at 150,000), Britain (100,000) and Belgium (10,000). But there are also nearly 40,000 Americans, 10,000 Canadians and sizable contingents from Scandinavia and East-bloc countries, most notably 60,000 Cubans lending military and development assistance in Angola, Rhodesia and, in a smaller scale, in several other countries.

Life for an Afrikaner head has its perils. The few hundred Europeans who have returned to Rhodesia in Zaire, where more than 500 Africans and 100 whites were massacred last year by Angolan rebels, live in further apprehension. But the majority of expatriates are in as more danger than they would be in Victoria, B.C., and certainly enjoy more privileges than they could ever manage at home. In most African countries an expatriate can live a good life for \$100 a month, and it isn't unusual to see someone who would have trouble surviving at the down payment on a bungalow in Calgary living with a retinue of three or four servants.

Sam Charles Straz, a rugged old Rhodesian farmer with a black cat at short-leaps experience in black-ruled countries with a mixture of amusement and contempt. "It's simple, you come over here and you live like a lord."

When James Kapunga took power from the British in Kenya, the outgoing government told he would be "a leader to darkness and death." Yet there are more whites in Kenya now than there

were at independence, and many who left after the Mau Mau terrorists are sorry they did.

There are few times as many expatriates leaving the Ivory Coast now as there were at independence. Even in Nigeria—considered a halfway point between racism and self-determination, the new countries now not only be able to run their own affairs but would actually run them better under such concepts as Kaunda's "Humanism" and Nyerere's ujamaa movement replacing the white man's racist and capitalistic colonial heritage.

But Africa has not done well. Left with very little by the colonists, it has needed it now less. Two decades after independence, most African countries are fragile imitations of either West- or East-bloc societies. Nigeria has a voracious consumer appetite and traders pilfer. Producers, unfortunately, are scarce, and most of its oil revenues have been spent trying to fix a dumping ground for foreign manufacturers. "Borrowing money from abroad after three or four years," said an

investor looking for the recent fiasco in a visit that one Clark said calls the Cameroon version of the oil gap.

Clark, an oil man, Clark is to meet with President Jassu Nyerere, a friend of Operation Endless Pleasure. More Cameroon and money is needed in that country than any other in Africa (about \$150 million in the next few years) to get its railways and road development and Clark plans to visit several Cameroon international Development Agency projects before flying on to a short visit to Kenya.

In returning to his African trip, Clark has been looking for the night for two weeks now, pouring over five thick briefing books on what can be expected during his 12-day tour. But not even the best briefing can prepare him for the laid-back African. Mende, where Muzzy's Law. It's anything can go wrong if it's not the one and only one and that's the one in there. For the 31 Canadian journalists following with the press man, when you work in Africa, it's during the silence. It's Clark's own side had his luggage lost for more than a week.

Julius K. Labrecque

Breaking the silence barrier

Early and Friday when Prime Minister Joe Clark, born about the 1917, left that would take him deep into the belly of black Africa. He was still leaving the effects of several shocks in the air—both literally and figuratively. Only recently Clark's arm along with other more private parts of his anatomy had been shot full of poison by a report of tropical disease. The other much-muddled shock in the air was provided by the second chance in less than a month for the rookie prime minister to make an impact on the international scene. This time Clark was off to the Commonwealth conference in Lusaka, Zaire, to help sort above all with the Ivory Coast, all recognition for Zimbabwe Rhodesia.

That issue is sure to plague Clark through the duration of his two-week tour, for this—the first-ever official visit by

the Canadian prime minister to Africa. For years now, the Canadian government has preferred to stay on the sidelines, going along with UN sanctions while Britain and the United States take the lead.

This week, when Clark and External Affairs Minister Flora Macdonald meet with the Commonwealth heads of state, there will be a chance for Canada to throw out its silence. As Macdonald says, "There may be a very crucial role for Canada to play."

Mealy, Clark and his team will be able to act as mediators between the new British government of Margaret Thatcher, who is trying to get the new line to recognize the newly elected Rhodesian government and black African and Third World countries in the Commonwealth, which insist that the government still goes too far in pushing the privileged status of whites. Clark is a former Canadian left wing. Clark's official impression that the Rhodesian white is that most progress still remains to be made in achieving black majority rule in Zimbabwe Rhodesia before ending international sanctions against it.



Clark: "There may be a very crucial role"

Thatcher: "Hoping that the time has come"

Clark's brief opportunity for promoting a compromise solution is to provide a coming during a weekend stay at the world leaders at Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda's state mansion where no external affairs official will be. Clark's

name to play it, as it comes. Security during the night day conference will be kept tight. Bishop Abel Muzemba, government in Zimbabwe Rhodesia that refused to risk the possibility of an attack against guerrillas on Zambian soil doing

ingly displaced recently, shaking his head. "Nobody knows how to repair anything."

If Nigeria is capitalist, can it make, Tanzania is socialist working class. Most peasants are uneducated and Nigeria's divided by its communal self-reliance and have mutated being based into the socialist model.

Economic forecasts are consistently bleak about black Africa. The technological gap between it and the industrialized world is widening. Africans certainly use the technology, they have a plethora of transistor radios and pocket computers. But they are neither developing nor producing it on anything but a minuscule scale. Progress has been confined with possession, as journalist Brian Njoroge says in *North of South*.

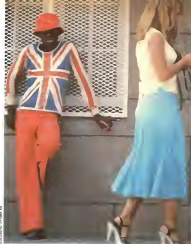
Some countries, such as Malawi (a close friend of South Africa) and Ivory Coast (a close friend of France), have always been enmeshed about leaning on the white world. Others, seemingly resigned that the technological initiative rests with the industrialized countries, are trying to find a way of using foreign skills without selling their African souls.

Tanzania's Nyerere, who long ago kicked the American Peace Corps out of his country, is trying to kick Britain's Queen, the only French colony unequivocally to tell France to keep out after independence in 1960, played host to President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing this year and Touré expressed hopes for economic help.

Samuel Machel's Mozambique, dedicatedly Marxist and hostile to the white minority government in Pretoria, keeps its railways and ports functioning with South African technicians. Glad as Angola and Mozambique were to be rid of the Portuguese colonists at independence in 1975, they are advertising for technicians in Portuguese newspapers in 1979 and allow some of those who left to return.

Moreover, post-1975—black and white—concede that Africa's transition to economic independence is going to take longer than expected. Twelve years ago, Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO) had a contingent of 125 volunteers in Nigeria, committed to teach their skills to Nigerians and then to get out. It hasn't quite worked that way—CUSO now has nearly 500 volunteers in Nigeria. "We've learned that the old cliché about planning ourselves out is just not real," says political scientist Jerry Caplan, who was, until recently, in charge of the program. "There's a bottomless pit of need."

Worth the life that are music to the white Rhodesians ear. So, too, easy of



Two slaves of the Rhodesian cow: some are drawn by profit, some by love of God

them may be. But white farmers, for instance, were efficient enough to switch from tobacco into other crops when incentives were imposed and new, only a few years later, rank near the top of the world in per-acre production of maize, soybeans, peanuts and wheat.

To be useful is not always to be feared, however. Zambia's 300 white farmers account for 40 per cent of its agricultural production. Yet when a large group met to complain about harassment by Zambian-based guerrillas last fall, Kapika told them: "If you think the right-wing papers in Britain, that you are here only because you can grow maize, then get out. I don't welcome you because of your skills."

In contrast, many black Rhodesians want to keep their whites. They know that Zambia, self-reliant in food at independence, now suffers chronic shortages, while Rhodesia's 6,000 white farmers, working similar land, provide

half the country's foreign exchange.

Whether a black African is willing to offer special privileges to whites to keep that kind of expertise around, however, as depend on a lot of things—from how bitter he is about his father having had to call a white child "Blat" to whether he has a job and is worried about losing it. If his employer leaves, he would Thomas Malinga, a Salisbury taxi driver, is representative of the white press. Alfred Upshon, head of the department of mass communications at the University of Lagos, is not.

"The white man brought civilization to Africa," says Malinga. "There are some things Africans aren't capable of doing," Kapika Opheke. "The best thing about Nigeria is that we're making it ourselves. We may be running it badly, but at least there are no white shadows pulling the strings."

If the position of the resident white is ambiguous so is that of the expatriate. A secret government paper prepared in London recently complained that too many expatriates simply aren't ex-

ceeded enough about the country's future to be effective. "I've seen your so-called expatriates running things in Botswana," said a well-known Rhodesian army sergeant-major who joined ZANU guerrillas. "The expatriates I saw were hanging around because they made a little money being somebody they couldn't be at home."

But the sergeant-major may have been ignoring one important factor: the expatriate exists on the black man's terms and at the black man's sufferance. "You can usually tell the difference between an expatriate and a resident by his attitude toward his dog," says an African diplomat in London. "The expatriate apologizes profusely because his dog only bites black people and is nice to whites. The resident white man, in South Africa or Rhodesia, is proud of his dog for that very reason."

Dr. Ann Pilling, a veteran white politician in Zimbabwe Rhodesia, says the white's problem in his country is that they want "change without change"—to establish black eyes with white ideas. "This, however, is an incongruity in Africa."

If all the black bravado in the world will not change the fact that white skills are still important, all the white Rhodesian protests about "fair and free" elections will not change the fact that the continent—give or take some serious standing blocks in South Africa for the moment—is going to be run on black men's terms.

To date, black African leaders have been remarkably consistent about not recognizing Muzemba's government. The 49-nation Organisation of African Unity at its annual meeting this month issued a warning couched in the strongest terms and Tanzania's Nyerere bluntly told the Queen that he hoped not to have trouble from her ministers in Britain on the issue.

Meanwhile, British and American negotiators have been busy trying to convince Muzemba to discard some of the special white privileges as the price for a change in this attitude. If the diplomats can come up with a formula that satisfies both black African leaders and white Zimbabwe Rhodesians, the country may well overcome its black tribal difficulties and march into a bright future. If they don't, the guerrilla war will undoubtedly continue. And Zimbabwe Rhodesia's "blackists"—who have been turning their backs on the country at a rate of 1,000 a month over the past few years—will keep on leaving.

In one respect the advertisement was probably right—Africa does need people like them. But it missed the essential qualification: on Africa's terms. ☐

Doing business with two Africas

Two of the three leading economic sectors on the African market are, not surprisingly, two old colonial powers: Britain and France. The third is the United States—and the white regime in South Africa gets a high proportion of U.S. investment capital.

The British government estimates that the total British direct and non-direct investment in South Africa is a whopping \$75 billion. The United Kingdom-South Africa Trade Association quotes an even higher figure—\$18.2 billion, or 70 per cent of total investment abroad. South sources agree that Britain accounts for about 55 per cent of foreign investment in South Africa.

There are no accurate figures for the rest of Africa, but a 1974 British department of trade survey suggests that British investment in South Africa is marginally larger than the total for all of black Africa. In fact, however, black Africa is more important. In 1977, Britain exported \$1.5 billion worth of goods to South Africa, compared to the \$5 billion it exported to its other major trading partners in Africa.

American direct investment in South Africa is also substantial, but not surprisingly, two old colonial powers

Africa at the end of 1977 was \$1.5 billion (U.S.), accounting for 17 per cent of the foreign investment in South Africa, compared to \$2.8 billion (U.S.) of foreign investment in the rest of South Africa. American exports to South Africa in 1976 were \$1 billion (U.S.), and \$4.8 billion for the rest of Africa. French investment in South Africa is not significant and black Africa is a far more important and lucrative trading partner. Exports to South Africa are only 10 per cent of those to black Africa, which amount to around \$4.5 billion.

The Canadian embassy in Pretoria sets its last figures for direct Canadian investment in South Africa were \$108 million in 1974. Canada exported goods worth \$112 million to South Africa in 1976 (compared to \$469 million for the rest of Africa). But this figure is somewhat deceptive because the Canadian International Development Agency accounts for a good chunk of black Africa exports.

In its recent dividend, this major actor in Nigeria, which is throwing its weight around in June's reduced list of oil exports to Britain because British Petroleum sent an oil tanker manned with a South African crew to a Nigerian port. It also threatened to nationalize its and Shell over the same product. And in 1970, it forced Britain's Barclay's Bank to send one-third of its expatriate employees home when a month and without government accounts because Barclay's wouldn't pull out of South Africa.

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Europe

Payoff for the rites of passage

His victory had been a farcical occasion. So sure was Paris-Match magazine about the matter that, four days before Simone Veil won the presidency of Europe's first directly elected parliament, it ran a cover story hailing her as its president. Chastel, her divorcee design house, added its vote of confidence by sending her packing to Strasbourg with a little blue silk number which just happened to smother the presidential chair. Even as she prepared to set off, France's former minister of health was already outliving the virtues of the tropical Euro-parliamentary life she anticipated after five turbulent years in cabinet. "I'm almost relieved not to be a minister anymore," she laughed.

But last week, after winning up the opening session of the European assembly, she was no longer talking of tranquillity. Not only had her election been a stormy one, but the parliament's own debut had turned into an ineffectual televised circus, which had taxed even Veil's endurance.

As the secret-kept secret in Europe, her candidacy for president of the historic assembly was known to have been the result of a back-room agreement between her mentor, French president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and German chancellor Helmut Schmidt. Schöley's own Social Democrats had protested what they said was "the long arm of Giscard" in Europe's parliamentary melting pot, but it was France's Gaudin who threw in the surprise stomach-blast by proposing their own eleven-hour candidate and robbing Veil of an assured victory.

When she finally did squeeze out a three-vote win on the second ballot Veil mounted the podium only to find that Europe's 418 other new deputies seemed less concerned about lofty continental issues than about strutting their stuff for the electors back home. Uitter's Rev. Ian Paisley had to be pounded down by her gavel as he heckled Irish Prime Minister Jack Lynch. Then Italian Radical Leader Marco Pannella responded in a volley of satirical dig-ins designed to belittle the whole institution.



Veil and Euro-collaborator: Aschewitz tactics

by depositing 150 amendments to the orders of procedure. After three days of endless debate Veil closed the first session with a tight-lipped satisfaction lamenting the lack of business done. Still, she is no stranger to difficult beginnings. No sooner had she been invited to join Giscard's government after his election in 1974—the first woman appointed to a French cabinet in 20 years—than she was charged with what her predecessor had warned her would

Euro-Parliament: a volley of outbursts



be the government's "most dangerous" dossier, the health ministry. In the face of threats and violent opposition, she shepherded through what has become known as the Veil Law, not only making France the first Catholic country to legalize abortion but, in the process, emerging as the nation's most popular politician.

That success was a tribute both to her own talents and Giscard's canny political sense. In choosing Veil to oversee the abortion bill, he pleased the 54 per cent of his electorate who were women and hit upon the one person who could only the law support, a grandfather who combined the professionalism of a respected civil servant with a personal humanism learned the hard way. At the height of the bitter, 30-hour televised abortion debate, as enraged opponents hurled at Veil the charge that she wanted to "send babies to the oven," she paused only a moment, fighting back tears to retort, "You have no right to say that of me, of all people."

As all of France knew, beneath the fashionable tailoring of her left sleeve lay the ineffable legacy of Aschewitz, tante No. 36213. Here Simone Jacob in Nice, the bearer of a Jewish architect's four children, she was 18 when the family was deported to the Nazi death camps. A German soldier told her she was too pretty to be gassed, but at the war's end her 15-month ordeal had left her so ravaged that her liberators mistook her for a woman of 40. That dark shadow was to haunt her for the rest of her life, though now that she is 68 her election as Euro-Parliament president is looked on as a symbol of Franco-German reconciliation. From Aschewitz, she went straight to law school where she met and married a fellow student, Antoine Veil, who became executive assistant to some of France's key political figures. Indeed, it was Monsieur Veil, now head of France's state-run air airline, who had always been pegged for the brilliant po-

litical datum, while Simone stayed discreetly on the sidelines bringing up their three sons. But Veil rose to become a magistrate in the French justice ministry and when Giscard was cutting about for a woman to grace his cabinet, Veil's name was proposed.

The ability to stay both feminine and coolly competent in a country that remains a bastion of male chauvinism has allowed Veil to become the symbol for Giscard's style of government—she is a reassuring pragmatist who brought no cumbersome political ideology to her post. That image was tarnished, however, when she descended to lead the Giscardian troops in the fray during the European election. Her prestige slipped five points at the polls and the first other-than-glowing articles about her appeared.

Still, despite her continued denial of any future political ambitions, she seemed willing to take that risk. Leaving the health ministry last month, Veil noted that she had never taken the time to redecorate her austere ministerial office. "I always felt I was in passage," she said. Indeed, some pundits are of the same opinion about her stay in Strasbourg. Must she sit at just another way station on her way to becoming France's next prime minister and, eventually, as Paris-Match would have it, the country's first president?

Marci McDonald

India

Innocence and a lust for power

When Chaudhri Charan Singh was sworn in on the weekend as India's prime minister, he fulfilled his thinly veiled goal of replacing Morarji Das as government leader, but only after undergoing a maneuvering which led an opposition spokesman to describe him as a man "possessed by his lust for office," and which illustrated the amazing fidelity of loyalty in Indian politics.

Such, it was asked by President Bhabha, led to the formation of a government in the wake of Desai's resignation as prime minister on July 15. He had won a scramble between himself and Desai to crown up the most support for a governing coalition.

The hostility required by Singh to form the coalition of disparate factions—including 75 members of the Congress Indian Party of former prime minister Indira Gandhi—had been shown throughout his political career. It began a state politics in 1957 when he was a member of the Congress Party in the Uttar Pradesh as-

newly. Singh moved to national politics in 1946, holding a number of ministerial portfolios until 1963 when he broke from the Congress Party to form his own revolutionary party. In 1977 he was elected as Prime Minister with the Janata Party to oppose Gandhi, and served Desai as home minister. That union was tenuous. Singh was turned out of the Janata Party earlier this year after calling Desai and his colleagues "a bunch of incompetents." But in March, after fighting for reinstatement, he was allowed to return. That was a decision Desai is now said to regret because Singh, after his return, reportedly set about to oust Desai.

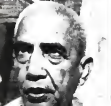
In fact, the delinquencies which applied to Desai were embraced by the man who is now Singh's chief lieutenant, Raj Narain. At first, Singh feigned wide-eyed innocence of the sordid wrang, but just after his resignation from the cabinet on July 16 he was unanimously elected leader of the Janata (secular) alliance.

Now, as prime minister, Singh governs a fragile coalition of dubious longevity owing to the curious marriage of convenience with Gandhi's faction. Singh was imprisoned by Gandhi when she was prime minister and he has reportedly referred to her as a "suspicious liar." Not only that, but Gandhi stands to double or triple her share of assets if Singh's coalition collapses and mid-term elections are called.

Whether Singh will be able to survive the vote of confidence due later this month remains uncertain. The swearing-in ceremony on Saturday did not bode well for his chances—six of his 14 cabinet ministers did not show up because of differences over the distribution of portfolios. Remarkably a Western diplomat: "About the only thing that is relatively certain is that political mutability is likely to remain for some time." That seemed to be a clear understatement.

with correspondents' files

Singh a curious marriage of convenience



U.S.A.

Jimmy's losses, Teddy's gains

By William Lowther

In the aftermath of his self-inflicted losses, there were strong indications that President Jimmy Carter began to lose his grip on the White House last week. At a time when the nation perceived Carter as bumbling and vulnerable, two powerful senators came out in support of Senator Edward Kennedy for president in 1980.

While the handwringers and charismatics Kennedy continues to deny that he is running, his disclosures revealed less and less confidence. Sometimes the little clues lead to the right conclusions. Thus, it might be significant that the Democratic senator from Massachusetts has started to die and try to down his badly worn "Kennedy's getting into shape, looking good, preparing for the race," says the candidate on Capital Hill. Meanwhile, President Carter is looking better. The past three traumatic weeks have aged him visibly, the lines and wrinkles on his face have become deeper and deeper. He is shaking his toothy smile a lot less and his mask of confidence keeps slipping to reveal a tired and worried man. Carter's strategy is simply to hang tough. He believes that he has outlasted his way back into command of himself and his administration. But even his closest political advisers are admitting privately that the Kennedy card—if it is played—in one that he probably cannot beat.

James Klugehorn, Kennedy's spokesman, gravely shaking his head, says that if Kennedy does win the Democratic nomination next year it will be because of Jimmy Carter rather than in spite of him.

Last Tuesday, at a specially called press conference, Senator Philthy (Reagan) the conservative Democrat from the State of Washington, said that Kennedy "will be the Democratic nominee for president if he runs next year, and he will run." He went on to praise Kennedy lavishly for not splitting the party by announcing an early candidacy. "The New Hampshire and Massachusetts primaries are going to be critical for Carter," Jackson said. "If he loses decisively in Massachusetts, that could be the Rubicon." Kennedy, the senator continued, is "avoiding a course that says he's clearly running



Carter: the wrinkles have become deeper

against the president." Speculating further, Jackson added that "the only thing that might cause Kennedy to come in ahead of school would be a Jerry Brown surprise." Brown, the governor of California, is the one potential Democratic candidate whom Jackson said he could not support.

Just why Jackson chose last week to add to the problems besetting Carter is problematical. It may be that he sees himself as vice-president on a Kennedy ticket, with his conservative background balancing Kennedy's liberalism.

The Washington furor over Jackson's statement was still raging when Senator George McGovern, the 1972 Democratic presidential candidate, said as a

library of Congress speech that Kennedy is the "most logical candidate" for the next nomination. Accusing Carter of "massive posturing, public manipulation and political rapititude," McGovern said Democrats must find a new standard-bearer in 1980. He added "I agree with Senator Jackson that our Massachusetts colleague is the most logical candidate for our party. If he decides to run, I believe he can be nominated and elected and would be an inspiring president."

Kennedy has announced that he expects Carter to be renominated and re-elected next year and after the McGovern speech he said there was "no change" in his position. But he had done nothing to stop a campaign to run home state to make him a "write-in" candidate on the ballot for the Democratic primary. That primary will be held next March and it is widely believed that if Kennedy was on a "write-in" basis he will consider himself "drashed" and will run for the nomination.

Staggering changes in the nomination process have weakened the president's control over the party's convention so that Carter's incumbency may not be a great advantage. And if he loses the nomination the president will be only the second to do so after one elected term. Franklin Pierce was the only U.S. leader elected in his own right who failed to regain the nomination. Three others—John Tyler, Chester A. Arthur and Millard Fillmore—took over from presidents who died in office and sought their party's nomination, but failed.

Apart from the Kennedy effort last week, there was other bad news for the president. The latest government figures, released on Friday, showed that the pace of inflation over the last six months—31.2 per cent—was the largest six-month increase since 1946, when World War II price controls were dismantled and the nation was emerging out of the post-war depression. And while Carter's chief inflation fighter, Arthur K. Laidler, blamed the excess credit and predicted that inflation would slow down in the coming months, the population at large appeared to have sided with the administration's financial policies with responsibility for price increases.

Not only that, but as Carter began to turn his attention from his cabinet shakedown to energy proposals he faced Congress newly skeptical. His energy plans seemed to have considerable backing on the night of July 15 when he presented them in a formal television address to the country. But they clearly did not command the support of most Congressmen that he needed. Although



Liza Pabio: Age four. Parents work hard to support family of eight, become impoverished. Girl poor. House was built too close to river. Floods after even the slightest rains.

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Carver called members of the key finance committee to the White House to discuss with them in past his energy package with great haste and without amendments, he had little option. It could be months before action is taken and amendments were certain.

The business community, however, remained unimpressed. In an effort to improve his public support, Carver held a nationally televised press conference at midweek to defend the takeover in his administration and said that it was in the "best interest" of the country and that, despite the threat of recession, he intends to maintain a "strictly neutral" economic policy, placing the key priority on maintaining industry. Looking out at "the oil lobby," he predicted that the oil industry will try to the Senate to "rob" \$64 billion through amendments to his proposed "windfall profits" tax on their earnings.

Carver seemed a place that many men when he named Paul A. Volcker, a widely respected international monetary expert, to replace G. William Miller as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. The decision to appoint Volcker, now president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, represented an effort to pick someone who would be immediately acceptable to the financial community and who could help stem the decline of the dollar. The vote at the fed, caused by Miller's shift to republican, ousted Treasury Secretary W. Michael



Kennedy on a diet and looking good

Haunschild, had sent the dollar down. Carver also named Hedy Dornov, senior editor-in-chief at Time, as a new senior adviser on both foreign and domestic policy of 50 top executives from large- and medium-sized businesses. The Wall Street Journal found that "only two or three" had favorable feelings about the president's recent moves—from the energy program and the "crisis-of-confidence" in the cabinet shuffle. Even those who found some good in the cabinet changes generally

deplored the way the changes were handled. "The job could have been done with less pain to everyone concerned and with greater grace," says Irving S. Shapiro, chairman of DuPont Co. Another economist added: "It looks like the Congressmen are rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic."

North Carolina

Did the doctor do them in?

Alfred and Mildred Kausch were their son in law's staunchest supporters when army investigators first accused Captain Jeffrey MacDonald of murdering his pregnant wife and their two children. Alfred Kausch said the army simply wanted to charge someone in order to maintain calm among dependents living on the Fort Bragg, North Carolina, base, where the murders occurred.

That, however, was nine years ago. Last week, the Kauschs stood among MacDonald's witnesses at his trial in the Raleigh, North Carolina, U.S. Federal Court. MacDonald is accused of kidnapping and slaying his wife, Calista, 26, and daughters, Kimberly, 8, and Kristin, 3, in February, 1976, at their home in Fort Bragg, where he served as medical officer to a Green Beret unit. And

Birds of a feather flock together

The bulls and the bears were all behind him on the day that the package rocked the stock exchange in what the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) believes is the first instance of stock price manipulation carried out both within a prison.

It was a curious twist at several circumstances, the stage for the episode known as what Street is, The Cold Capers, was set by the courts at the 28-acre federal prison camp at Eglin, Florida. The prisoners as possible here—with measured laws and blossoming magnolias—for 440 convicts most of whom fall into two main categories. While 44 per cent are black, because they were caught robbing or peddling marijuana, another 30 per cent are white-collar criminals whose crimes range from auto theft to bank robbery. As one of the inmates put it: "This place is for decent people who just happen to have gone wrong."

And indeed it was only a matter of time before the prison dogs inevitably—many of whom had trained service—began to bark. Conviction—though investment advice from the crooked brokers and accountants who lived among them. As a result the SEC is now investigating James Garret, 21, a criminal Mid-West who served 2½ years in Eglin for perjury and fraud. Commission sources say unofficially that Garret manipulated a secret run on the stock of C.H.B. Foods Inc. of California when learning his sentence. Before in July 1978 and last Feb. 8, the price of the



Eglin prison camp: "You can't beat anyone"

stock went up to \$15½ from \$7 on the American Stock Exchange. Commission investigators think that Garret bought the stock at about \$7 a share and then, almost miraculously, the company was about to be taken over. About 50 fellow inmates joined the scheme, using the public telephone in the prison mess hall to call relatives who turned up at brokerage houses with bags full of cash to buy more than \$1 million worth of shares. Other investors, seeing the stock climb steadily, jumped into the bandwagon, but the stock's ascent was halted abruptly when the SEC guessed at what was going on and suspended trading. It figured that the insiders were looking for shares to reach about \$20 before selling—when the

market would collapse. After the officers announced the shares dropped back in value to about \$7 each and most of the prisoners who had bought in at about \$10 lost a bundle.

Garret was now left in a pinch inside at St. Petersburg, Florida, prison that he could do anything wrong. He admits though, "Lots of these kids, 25 to 30 years old, have big money from the marijuana business. They have been in it since they were 15 years old," he adds. "I don't feel there's any particular stock. When I want to get back to school, I spend 10 to 15 hours a day researching financial statements. That's positive was another source for prison associates. Said a guard: "Hell, he was supposed to be working in the mail room. You can't trust anyone from this place."

William Lowther

A need for the wisdom of Solomon

Pope John Paul I may be faced into a crisis and reaching resignation when he steps in the United States in October, one is expected to be a week-long visit. Indeed, sources close to the Vatican have indicated that the pontiff's itinerary is being held up while they search for some way to avoid the role of a non-fatal as new rising between the Catholic Church of Chicago and a large group of the priests in his archdiocese.

Chicago is the largest Catholic community in the United States and the Pope's advisers fear that if he goes there he will be forced to take sides in its dispute. The 71-year-old cardinal sent a telegram to the Pope last week begging him to visit Chicago. At the same time, a group of protesting priests who claim the cardinal is not providing effective leadership issued a statement saying: "We do not wish our attention to come between the Pope and the people here."

The only laid 2,700 Roman Catholic priests, 6,000 nuns and others who have

taken religious vows, and two million Catholic parishioners in the archdiocese. It also has the largest Polish community in the U.S. Though the city is divided from the Polish town of 40,000 (which also includes a speech to the United Nations' General Assembly and possibly a visit to Quebec) it could be integrated as a direct step to God.

The U.S. Catholic Church is trying to please both his Godly after. A Washington report of considerable trouble in the church confirmed the intrusions of the pope, saying: "A great many priests consider the cardinal to be a disaster. There can be no doubt that the Pope knows all of this. He will not want to be confronted with such an angry mob during his visit." Pope John Paul I will encounter fervent resistance in the United States, however, and he is not known for lack of courage in facing trouble.

The United States' foremost Roman Catholic church leaders, Rev. John Tracy Ellis of Washington's Catholic University, said: "I believe this visit will have a very positive impact. The church is in turmoil. There are extremists who fight against all changes and extremists who feel everything changed. The mass of people are in the middle, many of them bewildered."

There have been quarrels and feuds in the church before but nothing to alarm the faithful.

William Lowther

MacDonald: 'Acid' in grocery, kill the pigs?



According to a former assistant United States attorney who presented the case to a grand jury in 1975, 28-year-old Kausch, an ex-military wife of a former captain in the New Jersey, was a prime mover in bringing the case to court.

When army investigators questioned MacDonald after the murder, he said his family was taken by four "Tappan" men, three men and a blonde woman carrying candles and chanting "Acid is groovy, kill the pigs"—who attacked him before killing his family. When military police reached the scene on the night of the crime they found MacDonald had 17 cash records, one of which had poured a ring.

The army investigators' charges against him were dismissed after a closed hearing by a board. MacDonald, now 35, was granted an honorable discharge, and moved to California, where he has become a wealthy and respected surgeon.

The Kauschs, however, because dis-

satisfied with the board's verdict after reading material from the pre-trial investigation. Kausch, Calista MacDonald's stepfather, said there were too many contradictions in MacDonald's testimony. "I couldn't do anything else," he said if his decision to force the government to keep the case open. He wrote letters, took out advertisements, made trips to officials in the justice department and, finally, swore an oath before a federal judge from the district where MacDonald is now in trial.

The grand jury indicted MacDonald for murder in January, 1975. Since then, he has twice moved to have the case dismissed on legal grounds and has been twice turned down by the U.S. Supreme Court. According to the prosecution, "The government's case is built primarily on circumstantial evidence—that points swiftly and accurately back to one person that killed his family. The government is expected to conduct that MacDonald committed the mur-

ders after an argument with his wife. MacDonald's lawyers have already begun to attack the government's case by introducing evidence that the crime scene was tampered with before investigators sealed off the area. They also promised to produce a witness who fled across from MacDonald and who claims to see three people carrying candles heading toward the MacDonald home on the night of the murders.

As the trial got under way MacDonald sat calmly at the defense table, working with his lawyers. The Kauschs were seated behind him at the far side of the courtroom, following every word of the trial, taking notes and occasionally conferring with one of the prosecutors. "It has taken years off our lives," Mrs. Kausch said. "We've given up friends—we're not interested in socializing, this is the only thing that matters now." The moving words will show whether their families were justified—or not.

Adam Abramo

Those in peril by the sea



By Robert Plaskin

The difference between a decent year and disaster for Newfoundland fisheries depends on developments in the next 10 days. If the fishermen's union, which feels it is fighting for its very existence, and the major fish companies, which claim they are simply echoing the economics of the marketplace, do not accept the elements-four proposals of the provincial government, the Newfoundland fishing industry would be jeopardized by what could be its worst strike ever.

For starters, 18,000 inshore fishermen would down tools. They are the small and independent operators who work within a few miles of the coast, fishing from tiny skiffs and long-liners. But should they put up their pellet lines around processing plants and as docks



Colin (left) and Newfoundland fishing port: 'horme' mauling an elephant

throughout the province, another 14,000 people, fish-plant workers and the crews of deep-sea trawlers, would also stay off the job. Next would come either idle time or, worse likely, layoffs for thousands of others whose work, from selling fish to driving trucks, all depends on the industry.

On the surface, the dispute revolves around monetary issues—the complicated payment structure the fish companies use for buying the various species the inshore fishermen catch. The companies, represented on a joint negotiating committee by lawyer Bill Wells, have claimed they were offering as much money as they could. The Newfoundland Fishermen, Food, and Allied Workers Union disagreed. Union President Richard Cashin protested that since Ottawa removed the two-cent-per-pound subsidy on fish, the companies have refused to make up for it, with the processors charging from five to eight per cent more for their product while the fishermen were, in fact, getting from four to seven per cent less.

A hidden issue in the dispute, however, involves the development of large fishing companies which not only process and pack fish but catch fish and even build their own ships. Most previ-

ously mentioned is H.B. Nickerson and Sons Ltd., based in North Sydney, Nova Scotia, an old, family-owned company which has greatly expanded in recent years and, in 1977, bought control of the much larger National Sea Products Ltd.—a deal observers called "a horse swallowing an elephant." With plants all over the Atlantic provinces, on the U.S. Eastern Seaboard and connections with European operators, Nickerson is an acknowledged monopoly in the union's view, buying out or forcing out smaller operators such as firms, Cashin alleges, would have to see the union mortally weakened, and he is determined to show them that is an impossible dream. The threat of such practices is not just a bogymon paraded out to inspire protection publicity and sympathy. It was first realized as a real danger a few months ago by Colin Story, a small fish-plant operator in Port-au-Corpe who charged that firms with international connections have been using underhanded tricks to drive smaller companies out of business, such as dumping herring on European markets at ridiculously low prices which smaller companies simply could not meet. The idea, Story said, was that the losses would be subsidized over the long run by the increased volume of profits the larger firms obtained as their operations achieved monopoly status.

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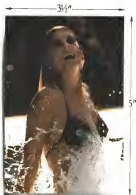
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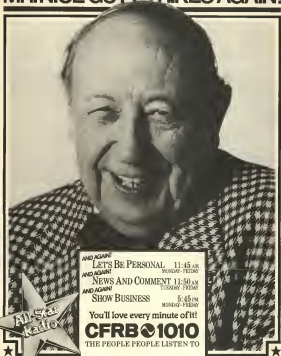


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The fisheries dispute became another fortnight ago when union members voted more than 98 per cent in favor of strike action, setting a deadline of Aug. 5. With Fisheries Minister Walter Carter declaring a strike would be a disaster, mediation efforts were stepped up by the deputy ministers of the two key departments—Ted Blanchard for Labor and Manpower and Gordon Sinclair for Fisheries. At the end of one exhaustive session at 4 a.m. last Thursday, any deal seemed hopeless, but the two mediators persuaded both sides to make one more effort. By the time a breakthrough came late Friday, Premier Brian Peckford had played a part too. The settlement proposal that this week will be put to both fishermen and companies was based on three points suggested earlier by Peckford in the legislature: that the two sides literally split the difference between the price rates asked and offered, and that two committees be created to plan a three-way effort with government to boost the quality of fish delivered at dockside, and improve processing and marketing methods.

"It was day for a time," Blanchard told *Weekend*. "Neither side wanted a strike but both were prepared to take a risk to get what they did want." The new committees will start work this week but the industry will hold its breath until early next week results of the fishermen's vote to accept or reject the new deal should be known. ☐

Vancouver

Hanging in with Lasch of Arabia

At the tag end of Vancouver's recent night-mirror Pacific Press newspaper strike, Vancouverites were prepared to read cereal boxes and detritus were reduced to covering themselves with flyers from drugstores and supermarkets. In an effort to cash in on the mad, an amateurish, 12-page broadsheet called *ON* (for *Daily News*) hit the streets on June 28. Just as abruptly, 38 issues later, it suspended publication, following a bizarre series of incidents that involved oil-rich Arab sheiks, Belgian hookers, Saudi princes and international intrigue. The paper's shadowy owner and publisher is Peter Lasch, a West German in his middle fifties, according to his own account, lived the good life in Saudi Arabia for at least eight years as the owner of Lasco International Corporation, a large construction company reported to be worth several million dollars. Lasch, his wife and daughter fled to Canada in 1978 after he claimed he had bribed Saudi



Officials to obtain the release of Canadian Robert Shea Carter, an inmate in Al Khobar prison.

Shortly after starting *ON*, Lasch learned that yet another acquaintance, an Austrian and former associate, had been imprisoned at Al Khobar. On July 8, *ON* began a series of articles charging corruption in Saudi Arabia. Banner headlines declared torture in Saudi Arabia and beside one article was a picture of Lasch in Arab burbanse and sunglasses, wearing an "open letter" to Saudi King Khalid. The letter pleaded for the release of his Austrian friend and accused a supposedly powerful businessman in the eastern province of Saudi Arabia of being the corrupt culprit responsible for his friend's imprisonment. Oddly, neither the caption nor the story identified the letter writer as Lasch but as "Abdulla Asma." Lasch's associates at the paper explained patiently that he is a converted Muslim and that Asma is his Islamic name.

In a melodramatic twist, Lasch next announced in *ON* that he had been kidnapped at 4 a.m. on July 5 on his way home from the paper. He claimed two men posing as police beat him, robbed him and brought him before an old Arab "wearing Arab clothes, a grey mustache and a silver watch with diamonds." The man demanded to know why the articles were written and told Lasch not to print any more. Then, on July 13, *ON* suddenly closed and Lasch, his wife and young daughter went into hiding. At Lasch's and they remained there. However, *ON*'s investigators have begun to grow skeptical. "Lasch was supposed to have called us four days after the incident," says Sgt.

Lasch and a Rolex watch with diamonds.

Douglas Clyde. "He failed to do so and we can go no further without his help." The Saudi Arabian embassy in Ottawa could neither comment on the circumstances nor identify any of the names involved.

Complicating the affair is the strange case of Peter San Carter, now a resident of Abbotsford, B.C. The department of external affairs confirms that Carter was arrested in Saudi Arabia and held for six months for being in possession of a half bottle of whiskey, but they deny that Lasch had anything to do with Carter's release. Later, Carter has embelished his story further since it was first televised on CBC TV's *A90* inside last January. He now claims to have been an industrial spy who helped uncover a \$300-million fraud. R.C. Stowdell, head of Assistance to Canadians Abroad for External Affairs in Ottawa and the man in charge of the yearlong investigation into Carter's charges of Saudi mistreatment, says simply "Our official position is that we either believe him or disbelieve him. We gather evidence and if we get anything we can hand over to our people in Saudi Arabia for action, we will."

As for the 200 employed *ON* employees, the last they heard from their missing employer was a phone call four days after the end of publication that assured them their salaries were secure. Two days later, cheques began to bounce free-style. "It's incredibly hard to understand," notes reporter Jim Burgess. "The man seemed to made wealth." Is another part of the empty *ON* offices another loyal staffer who unpaid and answering the phones "What if he calls?" she says. "Someone's got to be here tomorrow." Don Hamden

Montreal

Her Majesty's sticky wicket

It all began innocently enough 19 years ago as a pledge from a loyal town council to Queen Elizabeth II. But last year the Westminster-style spray affair got out of hand, when Donald MacCrimmon, the mayor of Canada's proudest city, a better man and Her Majesty's household blushing and a bit pernickish. "The whole thing just made Westminster and the Queen the laughing stock of Canada," complains MacCrimmon, who would now just as soon forget the whole sticky mess.

At issue is the case of the gastric 16-ounce bottles of the finest from Que-



Winnipeg

The Captain and the Kids

When Judge Gerald Jewers announced his next last week, Crown counsel Jim MacDonald and senior criminal defence lawyer Harry Weich made their final arguments in one of the most peculiar trials yet in landlocked Winnipeg. Facing the bench were Captain Alexander Cunningham, 35, and ship owner Daniel Ritchie, 53, who prefer to be addressed as "Commodore." They were accused of the unusual crime of unlawful confinement—in their case, of a juvenile aboard their ship, the *River Rouge*—a charge that is most often associated with rape and kidnapping cases, and that carries a maximum penalty of five years in jail. During his three-year prosecuting career, MacDonald says he has tried the charge only once before—in an attempted murder case.

The trial, which began July 9, arose from an incident a year ago when the cruise ship, which plies the Red and Assiniboine Rivers with tourists, was pelted with apples and stones by three boys at its mooring near the riverbank. When the ship stopped downstream before making its return journey, an angry Ritchie ordered Cun-

Ritchie and the *River Rouge*, the target of apples, stones and flaming pipes.

in the meantime, the royal household in decision, unusually awaiting the shipment, and hoping they haven't committed some other diplomatic gaffe. The Queen herself, needless to say, could not be reached for comment. Not that she's likely to man her maple syrup at this week's Commonwealth conference in tropical Zambia. Larry Black

suephug advice to him that he could speak up as the youngsters and present another apple barrage.

The court was told that Cunningham managed to capture some of the boys, 13, at the time, and subsequently brought him up to the waiting Ritchie, who was alleged to have yanked him roughly by the hair and hauled him aboard *River Rouge*, before forcing a tight ship, then was alleged to have taken the boy to the wheelhouse, where he ordered him to lie face down on the floor and retrieved Cunningham to bind his ankles with rope. The boy testified that he was detained for two hours until the ship docked and he also charged that a crew member threatened to kick his head in if he moved.

Though no kidnapping, sneakwalking or big trees were involved, the case revolves around just how much force was used on the landlubber while the crown's argument was being made. The defence argued that the crew were lawfully protecting their property and that they had to stop the boys to protect their 200 passengers. The Crown agreed that the men acted lawfully up to the point where they got the boy aboard ship, but said they used excessive force in an attempt to scare the boy and that



COURTESY OF THE CROWN ATTORNEY GENERAL

they should have turned him over to police more quickly. Ritchie and Cunningham said that they tried but police couldn't respond right away.

Passenger Edward Byrne testified that the boy didn't try to avoid capture and said that he was roughly treated. "By the time I got to the scene of commerce the boy had started to cry," Byrne told the court. "I was disgusted by the whole thing." And when Byrne tried to intervene, Ritchie was hostile. "He asked who the hell I thought I was and told me he was the authority on the boat."

In his defense, the grey-haired Ritchie testified that the ship had been the victim of more than 100 incidents of chronic alcoholism in the past two or three years. Stones, apples, milkshakes, dead fish, cats and even pigeons that had been set on fire were hurled at passengers on the boat. On one occasion a railway tie was dropped 55 feet and crashed through the steel roof of a lounge. Another time a 15-year-old passenger was knocked unconscious by a flying rock and had to be treated in hospital. As for finding the boy's ankles, Ritchie said that it was for his own safety in case the youngster had tried to jump overboard.

The action around the ship is powerful and you'll have to be a strong swimmer not to be pulled under."

The three boys involved in the apple incident appeared in juvenile court last March. They were each fined \$85 for causing willful damage to a ship's window and ordered to pay \$55 restitution. Judge Jewers' decision in the case against the skipper and owner of the craft was expected this week.

Meanwhile, lookouts on the *River Rouge* are up 18 per cent this year despite the publicity surrounding the case. "Commodore" Ritchie admits he does get snaky comments from some passengers demanding "whose hair I'm going to pull today." But he also notes that "since the publicity we've had no problems with people throwing things at the ship."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon



Nova Scotia

Hoarders can't be choosers

On the morning of June 14, Woods Harbour fisherman Steven Sears strode down to the local wharf for a routine check on his lobster traps. Like most fishermen in his area, 165 miles southwest of Halifax, Sears, 29, had been hauling lobsters since early May in a "car" (a 30-by-30-foot crate



COURTESY OF THE CROWN ATTORNEY GENERAL

designed to hold live lobsters in water until they are sold, hoping that the regular overhauls would fetch a higher price when the busy season does not season begin. By that mood, early late-spring day, he was holding nearly 7,000 pounds of lobster worth close to \$20,000. But as soon as he opened the top of the car, Sears realized "My year's work was gone." The car was blasted with dead and dying lobsters. "I felt so bad," laments Sears, "I just didn't know what to think."

He wasn't alone. In Woods Harbour and nearby communities along Nova Scotia's north shore, 15 other fishermen have since reported lobster losses totalling 306,000 pounds. "We've all taken an awful licking this year," complains Franklin Symonds, another Woods Harbour fisherman who lost 5,000 pounds. "I've been fishing since 1946," he adds, "and I've never seen anything like it."

The virus is pernicious, a disease that destroys the clotting power of a lobster's blood and weakens the animal until it dies. Although it was first discovered in 1946 and is considered a relatively common disease in lobsters, federal officials say there hasn't been such a serious outbreak of gillnetters in Canada since the early 1930s. The reason for the Woods Harbour calamity was probably a combination of heavy spring rains, which warmed the near-shore waters where the lobsters are kept, and poor storage practices by the fishermen. "In the crowded conditions in the holding pens," explains Dr. Jensen



COURTESY OF THE CROWN ATTORNEY GENERAL

Afterward with dead lobster. One lobster has "eaten a lot of people" in Woods Harbour. Stewart, a federal fisheries department scientist, "the healthy lobsters will attack an infected lobster and rip it apart. When that happens, it simply releases more bacteria into the water and the cycle starts over again. The warmer the water, the faster the disease tends to spread." The department has prepared slide shows and pamphlets to encourage better lobster storage by the fishermen, but Dr. Stewart admits there was not much interest in them before the latest outbreak. "This kind of situation," he says, "provides quite a stimulus for people to improve their storage."

Although Alton Alwood, manager of Mattland Seafoods, a Woods Harbour fish processing company, admits that the losses "have scared a lot of people here," he adds that the fishermen "don't do too much, to tell you the truth. They

on machines that lower the water temperatures on the tanks) are pretty expensive and, besides, I think most people agree this was out of the ordinary and won't happen again. It's never happened.

Lloyd Crowe, 75, who for the area, has written to Fisheries Minister James McGrath asking him to declare the communities a disaster area so that the lobstermen could be eligible for compensation but that request has been denied.

Toronto

Death of a dancer

A Robert Stewart and Judith Jordan went about their separate lives late last Nov. 31, the only thing they had in common was the struggle to get home during a premature winter storm of snow and freezing rain. Last week, the grisly chain of events that has linked them forever was revealed in a Toronto court when the 30-year-old salesman stood trial for the hit-and-run death of the attractive young woman. Stewart pleaded not guilty to criminal negligence causing death and leaving the scene of an accident. The case is now in the hands of Judge Lloyd Graham, who will deliver his verdict Aug. 14.

Judy Jordan, 29, a dance instructor, had been teaching evening classes at the Young Men's and Women's Hebrew Association in downtown Toronto. Because it was nearly 11 p.m., she quickly switched her dancing shoes and cassette player into a duffy bag, put on a coat over her manose body suit and hitched a ride with a male friend. The dancing pair was letting up as they drove north and finally caught up to a bus. She clambered aboard and it eventually dropped her near her suburban high-rise apartment building. Moments after she had stepped off the bus, her black upper lip brushed and for but a moment into the snow beside her apartment driveway. The red duffy bag ended up on an adjacent street—most of its contents scattered along the road. And the popular dancer with the long, dark hair was faced almost a quarter of a mile away, where she had been dragged, screaming in terror and agony, by the undercarriage of a car. Later that night, she died in hospital.

Robert Stewart started his day by giving his wife, Carmella, a ride to work and then proceeding to his own job at Deland Turfco Canada Ltd. He told the court that for about a month he had been struggling with bouts of diarrhea.

Now, says Shelia Sears, the fisherman will just have to live with the banks to meet their fishing boat mortgages and helpers' salaries. "We all took a gamble that we'd get a better price by holding onto the lobsters, and we lost." The Woods Harbor lobstermen will try to get by with some regular fishing until lobster season opens again in November. Says the stoical Sears: "Those other lobsters are gone and that's that."

Stephen Kliner

stomach in the man's room. He recalled in court that the snow was ankle deep and he chose to avoid main roads to increase the traction of his tires and to minimize his chance of meeting a police spot-check.

When Stewart reached Judy Jordan's neighborhood, he had already stopped once to vomit. And then he was hit with a sudden rush of diarrhea. Despite the snow and freezing temperatures, he scanned the area for a place to relieve himself. He soon spotted what he described in court as "a veritable forest of trees," near the driveway of Jordan's apartment building. What happened as he approached the entrance pre-empted all hope of relief.

Stewart recalled the "slap" he heard

and what he took to be his. On that particular November morning he felt weak and nauseated as he helped fellow salesman erect a display booth for a trade show at a downtown Toronto hotel. He said he had qualms about accompanying his colleagues to dinner, but went anyway to join them for steak and lobster.

He was the first to say good-night. "If I don't leave now, I'll turn into a porcupine," he told the others as he consumed himself around 10:30 p.m. He said he had consumed a bottle and a half of beer, two glasses of red wine, a figural, and had one false alarm with his

Stewart (left) and Jordan: "a momentary glimpse of a dark-headed figure"



in his front ender and she started to be to catch "a momentary glimpse of a dark-headed figure" falling away from his car. He said he thought the person was tripping over the curb on the rock to get out of his path. Next he heard a "yell" and what he took to be two slaps on the rear of his car. He said he assumed that he had just missed someone in the driveway and that the person had thumped his vehicle in anger. He said the severity of his diarrhea dissuaded him from waiting any confrontation, as he shut off his lights and drove away, partly believing.

The first indication Stewart had that he was involved in something serious came at noon the next day on a radio newscast. His voice cracked in court as he repeated the reporter's description of a screaming young woman being dragged to her death. A dove paid the accident some later in the day confirmed his own worst fears.

For 18 days, Stewart's life was consumed by a self-savior. "I didn't want anyone in the world to know I was involved in that accident," he explained to the court. On Dec. 18 two policemen rang the buzzer of Stewart's apartment to announce that they wanted to inspect his company car. Evidence at the scene had enabled forensic scientists to pinpoint the type and color of the death car. The sheer process of eliminating some 7,000 other vehicles brought them to Stewart's blue 1976 Chevrolet Malibu. A piece of plastic had slipped behind near the accident, were pulled perfectly to the undercarriage of the vehicle and fragments of skull and brain tissue clinging to the universal joint of Stewart's car were human. Particles of hair found on the steering mechanism matched samples of Jordan's hair.

The Crown opened its case with a parade of apartment dwellers who described the "bystander" scenes that had brought them to their windows and balconies on the night of the accident. But Stewart maintained that he had heard no screams. He said his car radio was playing at the time and his heater fan was on high. Stewart's lawyer, Malcolm Kalk, presented two expert witnesses who testified that the accused was suffering from a "mild hearing defect" which is more pronounced in the upper frequency range.

Despite the painful reconstruction of the gruesome death, the courtroom atmosphere was unexpectedly cool during the trial. Friends and relatives from each side of the case appeared daily to hear the testimony but, in contrast to earlier hearings, there were no incidents. A week before Christmas, when Stewart was released an \$25,000 bail, Judy Jordan's distraught husband of less than two years, Charles, had turned on Stewart's relatives and started out,

"Bury in hell," and "Give Judy hell!" At another hearing, Stewart's friends and newspaper photographers crowded in an early tense outside the courthouse.

However, it was defense lawyer Kalk who turned a relatively simple case of hit-and-run into a mystery that had courtroom spectators heaving and forced the judge to make several tough decisions on the admissibility of evidence. Kalk called into question Judy Jordan's reported memory of seeing him running the spectre of marijuana use and trafficking. He implied that she might have already been dead and her

body tossed into the driveway to be run over by a car. Robb also attempted to link her with Debbie Silverman, 21, whose body was found in a shallow grave last November and whose murder has not been solved. Robb alleged that the two of them had been part of a group of women involved in a marijuana. But Kalk failed to produce witnesses to back up his claim, saying they were reluctant to appear because they feared "considerable harm." Toronto police later said that they could find no link between the two young women—in life or death.

Ted Fairbairn



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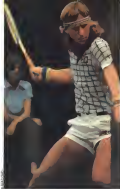
The assassination career of Canadian glamour goddess **Daphne Heddon** is taking another strange turn. After a giddy straight role in a kiddie marine movie called *The World's Greatest Athlete* and a slightly searing role as **Kate Quinn's** playmate in *Paperback Hero*, the Montreal-born beauty moved to Paris where she filmed soft-core fantasies such as *Madame Claude* and *Sperma*. Completing the circle, Heddon is now appearing in another joke-flick, *North Dallas Forty*. It is a saga of love and race on the gridiron in which she plays playmate to **Nick Nails**, an ethnic wide receiver who finds himself at odds with the game he loves. Heddon didn't have to touch the pigskin for the picture, and it may be just as well. "I think football is a brutal, violent game. I see no sense to it and have no interest in it,"

Heddon: no touching the pigskin



says the 31-year-old brunette, who returned to her Paris home when filming finished. "Paris is so feminine," she purrs. "A woman should live there for a few years."

He has been called "the golden king of the courts" and labelled a "dame nutcase" to the St. John Ambrose, which is often called on to attend his hysterical schoolgirl fans, but whatever **Blain Borg** is he sure can hit a tennis ball. The 39-year-old master will be making his second Canadian Open appearance in Toronto in mid-August at the Rogers International Tennis Championship where he is the odds-on favorite. "I'm going to be clean-shaven in Canada," announced Borg from the site of his last tournament in Scotland, Sweden, where he shaved his hair bare head as he always does following a Wimbledon win. He has now raked up



Borg, clean-shaven for Canada

four Wimbledon and seven destiny to continue mixing tennis history in the fire or six "good years" he allows himself. Proving that Borg knows the meaning of "love" off the courts is Romanian tennis pro **Martina Simionescu**, 22, whom he will marry next July. Simionescu will play in the Toronto tournament, if she isn't too busy offering her support to Borg when he takes on top seeds **Vitas Gerulaitis**, **Gilberto Vilas** and **Arthur Ashe**. In the fall, Borg makes his second film flash of the year, after a few boxing frames in *Players*. This time he gets to play a set against former game-show host **Earl Kintner**, whose off-court "wingspread" predominates in *Boyz*. "It's like a comedy," says the shy Swede.

Before she's out of the baby-fat stage, **Bracha Sweet** plans to own a Swedish, but at only four feet, 10 inches, the 16-year-old rock star may have to put on spike heels to reach the gas pedals. "My doctor says I'll grow another two inches by the time I'm 18," says the hopeful veteran of 12 years of singing everything from Broadway musical show-stoppers to grinning **Deke** **Adams**. A native of Akron, Ohio, Sweet got her big break in the business when her gay style attracted famous short person **Mickey Rooney**, who made her his opening act for a cross-country tour. "He was a million times taller than I was," Sweet recalls, but even that advantage

wasn't enough for Rooney, who refused to let Sweet do costumes even after standing over him. Sweet's debut album, *Feel Around*, climbed onto the Top 100 within a week, assuring her a career that should last until she's at least five feet tall. Though she hasn't attended regular school as years, Sweet wouldn't mind being a lawyer if the rock career doesn't work out. As stippled teen, she courts **Burt Reynolds** among her heroes and "wouldn't" listen to the snore **Shaw Cassidy** album if you paid her.

Fans of estate owner **Steve Martin**, 33, are in for a big "Estatee" run" from the non-making, vegetarian *Conan* who has made a career out of wearing berry costumes and wrapping screws around his ivory head. Last month, amid much wild and "erazy" fanfare, his first book, *Civil Shock*, was published and immediately rose to the No. 2 spot on *The New York Times* nonfiction best-seller list. But rather than having an attack of "happy feet" over the 51-anniversary book, readers should be getting out their rubber fish, the better to deck the claws in the white suit. It seems *Civil Shock* is old hat to Martin, who wrote the tome years ago, long before audiences had been introduced to "bananahead" and other assorted delights. The "new" book has even been published before, in a 1971 edition of 750

Martin, non-smoking, vegetarian-jerk



Wahlberg and Derm: no boring down

copies. Appropriately, a paperback version should hit the bookshelves in time for the release of Martin's film *The Jerk*. No need to say which talk he plays.

The effects of **America's Sonoran** dwellers in Nicaragua soon reached Washington's diplomatic corps. The first casualty was Sonoran's brother-in-law, **Gilberto Simionescu**, 21, who had been the ambassador to the U.S. capital for 36 years. Now, after 25 years, he's out in dean of the corps, replaced by 11-year Soviet Ambassador **Andrei Dobrynin**, crowned in America while he's holding in the U.S.S.R. It is the first time a Soviet has held such a prominent post and the elite of Embassy Row is looking forward to the change. Dobrynin is far more popular than **Serfilas**, who was once seated next to former U.S. ambassador to Italy, **Clare Boothe Luce**, at dinner, when she told the seating arrangement, she turned to her dinner partner on the other side and chided: "You must talk to me. They've put me beside the biggest bore in Washington."

With eight years of ballet experience, Vancouver's **Sharon Wahlberg** wasn't fading around when she arrived in the dressing room of a Dallas cheerleader to learn some moves for her role in *Midlife Ape Crazy*. "I could not fake them any day, but it's hard on the legs," says Wahlberg, 25, whose film role involves jumping around sufficiently to

interest mild-mannered **Steve Dore** in an ill-fated affair. Wahlberg was selected for the seductive role over 300 other eager applicants. "At the first audition they asked me if I'd mind coming back and taking my clothes off. I left, but I went back. In this business you never know what's going to happen," she says, with all of the evasion of a pro. In fact, Wahlberg ended up getting the part without having done, but in the film she's not so lucky. After a torrid May-December romance with Derm, Wahlberg ends up going home alone.

Maxine McTear has been keeping a low profile since Prime Minister **Joe Clark's** election victory, but the glen-to-Rock young lawyer did venture into the public eye recently to address a group of naive women from Ohio, Quebec, who had walked 100 miles in October to protest "discriminatory" sections in the Indian Act. After Clark left the gathering McTear addressed the all-woman audience. "I am completely sympathetic to women's rights," and the 37-year-old feminist, "and I will do my utmost to see that my government..." She stopped to absorb the gifts, then plowed on to explain that "after 60 days on the campaign trail I'm beginning to think that it is my government." And then "I will do my utmost to ensure that our government gives women's issues top priority."

Edited by Barbara Sefton

Dancing dollar dilemma

I was a sorry sight—like watching an incoherent young girl tattle her way through a dance marathon, swaying with nerves and fatigue but locked into step with a strong-willed partner. The Canadian dollar was once again clinging as tightly as her U.S. counterpart swung into a new—and slower—rhythm, as North America's two major currencies tried to regain their balance amidst the strobe lights of the international monetary dance hall. Last week's rise in Canada's bank rate—the eighth successive increase in the past 16 months and a move destined to fester Canada into an economic slenderness—was new Tory Finance Minister John Crosbie in agreement with Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey, as was his predecessor, Liberal Finance Minister Jean Chrétien, for whom higher interest rates had become both America and over played.

With the U.S. now in avoid recession, and Canada reeling under the burden of a mounting balance of payments deficit and a correspondingly shaky currency, Governor Bouey, in a speech he must surely by now have memorized, announced that Canada had no choice but to lock step with the U.S. bank-rate increase two days earlier. And Crosbie couldn't have been more co-operative with Bouey's desire to keep Canadian interest rates higher than U.S. rates in order to maintain demand for Canadian currency and stabilize the dollar. It was a move that backfired as a Joe Clark election campaign promise to the Italian-Canadian Club in Guelph, Ontario: "We also intend to move this country closer to lower interest rates," explained Crosbie. "The promise made by my leader and my party will be carried out over a period of time, when the economy permits and the circumstances permit." In fact, Crosbie embraced the policy of high interest rates in such a blinding of narrow and vision that it made Chrétien look as if he had been doing the right thing for the wrong reasons.

Rather than acknowledging that he



Crosbie at press conference: regular business smelter sparks lights in the dance hall

had landed a lead from the Liberals' bank, Crosbie blamed Liberal "mismanagement" for the wretched state of the Canadian economy. Even with his admission, however, Canada's dollar continued to hover tentatively around 80¢ versus U.S. dollar, making it wonder whether Crosbie's analysis was right and his policy wrong or the other way around.

Either way, the facts are not encouraging. The latest projection for Canada's economic performance this year calls for a further increase—more than 30 per cent—in the current account deficit, bringing the total in 1979 to an esti-

mated \$7 billion. "Internally, we didn't need a slowdown," said Laurent Thibault, economic director of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, as the country's banks pushed their prime lending rate to 12½ per cent and two of the trust companies edged the conventional mortgage rate to 11.75 per cent, squeezing close to consumer loan rates of 13.5 per cent. The long-term mortgage from Crosbie's wait for the October budget when Canadians will receive either a stiff dose of economic medicine or merely an anesthetic. Meanwhile, the only strength shown in exports of raw materials, expected to shrink as the U.S. recession slows demand.

Politico aside—and ignoring the real and legitimate criticisms that Crosbie's



latest move is at best a partial and stopgap measure—most economists would agree that the bank rate increase while not improving the situation here, at least, have prevented worse. Conversely, however, press commentary on a Conference Board in Canada study last week showing that Canadians still had every intention to spend, spend, spend—including foreign travel and imported manufactured goods, two of the significant causes of Canada's growing balance of payments deficit and rising inflation. It's a time for staying in step on the dance floor.

Anthony Whittigman

A poor thing but mine own

Since 1898, when coal was discovered at Cannore, Alberta, the community has ridden the boom-bust rollercoaster of a one-industry town. The 1970s have been mostly bad as Cannore Mine searched unsuccessfully for markets for its limited and semi-anthraxite coal. Even so, residents were taken by surprise when Cannore Mine announced that the 95-year-old mine would not reopen after the annual vacation shutdown in July. Mayor Pat Byrne's office says given just one hour's notice before the public statement. "Everybody was so used to rumors of the mine closing, so it came as quite a shock when it actually did," says Byrne. Shutdown day, Friday, July 13th, quickly became "Black Friday," with 500 miners and 82 support staff out of work and the rest of the community reeling under the loss of the mine's

\$466,000-a-month payroll.

But Cannore (population 1,000) isn't the company town it once was. Situated just outside the gates of Banff National Park, it boasts a growing tourist industry with an expanding Canada Cement plant nearby looking for workers. Highway and housing construction is booming and the provincial government rushed through rezoning approval so the town can build an industrial park and house another 3,500 people. The mine, however, is not held among the survivors of the most rosy future, even with the oil price hikes causing second look shivers at old King Coal.

The Huron-based parent company, Billingham Corporation, has been trying to unload it for several years. The town stayed in the 1890s when the mine's main customer, CPR, converted from steam to diesel Cannore because the first Canadian company to sell coal to Japan, but in the early 1970s the Japanese turned to Australia, Vietnam, China and Korea. With government help, Cannore Mine wrestled the Japanese into honoring some of its contracts, as high freight rates—a 100-per-

centage were born in a hospital bed by the coal company and the union, lived in company-owned houses and spent everything they made and more at the company store. Old timers recall getting ice poppers with terms in the take-home columns—"Beylie wheel?" They called it—and one miner is said to have worked 35 years without drawing any pay at all.

While early Cannore was a rough-and-tumble town of clomping miners and beer-selling hotels, it had an evasive side. Rev. Charles W. Gardan, who wrote 30 novels under the name of Ralph Connor, established his first church and headed its first mission station into working conditions. And the mines built the famed Opera House (now moved to Calgary's Heritage Park) in 1896. They used the log building as a hall for their band concerts, minstrel shows and children's Christmas pageants, and imported such high-society companies as the British National Opera and the Welsh Interna-

Closed-down Cannore Mine: once miners in town have worked 35 years without pay



ional Choir when Calgary was still a tiny cow town. Remembering those days, the last Cannore miners ceremoniously burned their work clothes. "Might as well," says Ernie Ross. "We're miners, but we're not." What else could you do with the filthy things?

Barbara Swanson



in Manitoba, where voters reaffirmed their faith in private enterprise in October, 1977, by electing Fleming Lyon as premier. P&L still owns everywhere and runs all of a new privately owned corporation. Last year more than 18,000 people left the province, the increase in annual private investment fell by \$9 million to \$113 million and Lyon backed public investments down to \$633 million from \$739 million in 1977. True to their promise, the Conservatives began to close their nest of publicly owned companies, with only two left under the Manitoba Development Corporation.

Waiting for MacBlo

last year's sweeping move) around the oval-shaped pieces of the board's happy glow. The British Columbia Resource Investment Corporation, newly shifted with \$487 million from the share offering that was more than twice as large as any in Canadian history (Marcher a June 26, 1976). The generosity given in the name of its first acquisition. Since all shareholders are B.C. residents, the board's risk shadow hovers over B.C.'s first and fifth largest companies, timber giant Intercontinental Ltd. (1976 sales: \$2 billion) and Vancouver-based pipeline company Westcoast Transmission Co. Ltd. (1976 sales: \$843 million).

Brands in 1953 aspires The 70-year-old Howe corporation was killed to the public in 1945 by founder Dr. Albert E. McKenna, whose legendary parsimony had made Howe much wealthier. The company's success was based on its supply of seed to the Canadian and vegetable seed markets, with a peak staff of 240, a payroll of more than \$4 million and in a major institution in the city of 36,000. The company's success was based on its supply of seed to the Canadian and vegetable seed markets, with a peak staff of 240, a payroll of more than \$4 million and in a major institution in the city of 36,000. The company's success was based on its supply of seed to the Canadian and vegetable seed markets, with a peak staff of 240, a payroll of more than \$4 million and in a major institution in the city of 36,000.

Other bidders going online at Westcoast because Bormet has made no secret of his desire that the federal government use Petro-Canada offers almost 37 per cent of Westcoast's reputation of Westcoast from a diminished Petrocan is thought to have been high on a list of topics discussed during Bormet's Ottawa dinner with Prime Minister Joe Clark in June. He guesses of where BRCG Chief Executive Officer David Hillwell thought down with BRCG sources to begin trading on the Vancouver Stock Exchange Aug. 7. Talk of more questions will do the initial share price go down.

Thomas Harkin

The company is approximately \$8 million in debt to the Manulife Development Corporation and the Bank of Montreal, and made a near \$14-million profit last year. But the problems predate the losses of \$1,036,709 in 1974 and 1975, beginning when A. B. McKenna stepped down, leaving a management vacuum. In the 1960s the Conservative government planned to sell it for \$400,000, after the 1969 election vote in 1969, after which the new government persuaded the company to take over Steele Brings Seeds of Toronto, close to the U.S. and well known to Brandon. The result was a hybrid—McKenna Steele Brings Seeds and its catalogue division, McNaydon Seed Co. has struggled ever since.

Says Leonard Evans, MLC for Brandon East and former steel industry and commerce minister: "The people have been betrayed. The social costs of its loss would be enormous." The Brandon Star has the most to say as well as an editorial last week. "The lesson of the federal election results is, which the Conservatives lost seats in Manitoba as a backlash against Premier Livan's government should have served as a warning that there is not the right time to meddle with publicly popular government accomplishments."



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A magnificent dam job

By David Thomas

Dep. 660 feet deep, beneath the winter tides, two jet-powered barges north of Montreal, a legion of belated Quebecers manhandling, bolts and welds into being the continent's mightiest, cleanest, safest and cheapest energy machine. Above the man-hewn cavern, the cold flow of La Grande Rivière is blacked, held to reason by a colossal trap of dams and dikes that force its waters to dilate across the low, scarred land. While seismic instruments measure the tremors set off by the enormous weight of the growing lake and antileaks high above monitor the water's exposure, La Grande chafes impetuously against the man-made 76 miles upstream from James Bay. Its only escape is over the tired highway, three times taller than Niagara Falls, sculpted by dykes from the bedrock and speeded for the first time in June to close the reservoir's fate.

This is LO-2, the prominently named nucleus of Quebec's James Bay hydro-

electric development, a project of such incoherence that it epitomizes the dictionary of superstition and myths with the world's longest with its 3,325-megawatt generating capacity. This July and August, construction activity is at a never-to-be-repeated peak, as 20,000 men and women are deployed over a territory bigger than England to capture subarctic rivers and bypass their flow through the barbaries of LO-2 and two other power stations under construction.

Yet 27-four months ahead of the original schedule—Premier René Lévesque will pull a switch, unleashing the post-war waters to crash against LO-2's orange turbines. Southward will surge the first power from a project announced just eight years ago by Lévesque's predecessor, Robert Bourassa. While the rest of the world frets at its vulnerable dependence on oil and shudders at the consequences of more nuclear power, the north-criticized James Bay

Below: View from the reservoir of Robert's Rush Avenue dam, ahead of Canada's largest, Churchill Falls, Labrador (1.25), generating, but to southern the U.S. B.N.'s Kemungap, within 10,000 megawatts.

development is revealed as an ugly duckling whose superlative energies as it matures and winds for completion with the alternatives.

The project's lineage was dirtied by a barrage of complex and isolated incidents including a court injunction halting work briefly in 1973 to protect rights of native Creé Indians and Inuit. Eventually, the natives traded their rights for dollars and land and haven't complained since, though some white critics still argue that the indigenous peoples were plundered of their birthrights. Reason-misgivings also lessened that vast tracts of moose and boreal forest would be sacrificed, though they failed to arouse much public concern for the doomed lichen and stunted spruce which carpet the territory. The worst came in March, 1975, when a group of workers rampaged at LO-2, destroying the camp and leaving an emergency evacuation by air of everyone on the site. Work was halted for 32 days—time that was recovered at a cost of \$90 million in extra men and machinery.

But the project's biggest public relations misfortune was its identification with Bourassa who, calling it "the project of the century," coaxed as James Bay to release unemployment and divert Quebec's emotional energies from the maze of independence. In reaction, the

Parti Québécois and the province's young intellectuals attacked the project as a waste and argued that instead Quebec should build nuclear reactors. Then came the energy crisis. Following was the fall from grace of nuclear energy. By the time the 70 megawatt from Bourassa's Labrador in November, 1976, the light of James Bay was assailable and the party's green-sleeved policy was unashamedly jettisoned. But recognition of Bourassa's wisdom is only grudging. Says Energy Minister Guy Jaron, "James Bay was an excellent decision made for bad reasons."

Sadly, Quebecers and other Canadians, deluged by James Bay's bad press at home, have been deprived of sharing in the awe and pride generated by this truly international undertaking. Delegations from China have come to gaze at the tail of giant trucks imported from Pakistan, directed by an Indian-Canadian consortium of contractors and financed by American and European brokers and bankers who, while critics denigrated the project at home, continued to handhold it as a right-minded investment in an energy-crazing world.

By 1985, when the first phase of James Bay construction is complete, the northern power stations will produce the same amount of energy in a year as

Spectator at LO-2, nucleus of James Bay, is three times taller than Niagara Falls. When it's over it'll feel proud.

16 nuclear reactors the size of those now operating at Pickering, Ontario. Yet more dams and power boosts equivalent to another 20 reactors will then be undertaken within the James Bay territory. Unlike nuclear power, James Bay hydroelectric energy consumes no fuel, leaves no waste and is as perpetual as rainfall. It is the most efficient way yet devised to tap solar energy that fuels the water cycle.

The economic sense of James Bay is as impressive as its physical size. In only 2½ months of full operation, the current project will recover energy equivalent to the 78 million barrels of petroleum fuel consumed in its construction. Earnings are expected to pay for the project completely within 15 years, but rising energy rates could significantly reduce that time.

Indian-owned total cost estimates to climb to \$16.2 billion in 1976 but then, astonishingly, cost predictions have dropped to \$15.1 billion now. Among the reasons are Hydro-Quebec's invention of a lower-cost pylon for transmission cables, the deferral of one power station and the project's unexpectedly early generation of power and revenue. There

is another explanation: the high morale of workers and remarkable efficiency of contractors. Certainly, the pecuniary rewards are motivating: a \$18-million bonus for finishing the LO-2 dam a year ahead of schedule was paid to the contracting consortium Inprolog and Spence and individual workers often earn more than \$1,000 a week.

But money alone does not account for the evident swagger in the gait of the men and women taming Quebec's northern frontier. They are a special breed of builders, growing in number and skill with each hydroelectric project. Some take on the land and climate, measuring, brushing and securing the bedrock to provide immediate foundation. For James Bay's 192 dams and dikes with a total length of 76 miles. The last time the land was so scuffed was 10 millennia, ago when Ice Age glaciers pulverized rock into powder which solidified in deposits called moraine. This moraine, bare and as fine as song sugar, is sifted by the dam builders and laid at the core of the water-stopping structures. Densely packed and protected by layers of crushed rock, the moraine is impervious and guarantees the need for concrete. It's a method suited to the territory but one which involves an arduous activity for the subarctic, artificial snow is sprayed over unfrozen

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID THOMAS

due at the onset of winter to protect their humid moraine hearts from freezing.

Meanwhile, towns of Idemee meet the 3,000 miles of translocation line running west from James Bay. Working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, the crews are delivered each day to their work site by helicopter where they are sometimes met by bears who have learned to wait in line. In fact, the bears are high in the ashles. Pylon Inspector Pierre Roy, 25 years old and earning \$540 a week to check cable connections, says construction work in Montreal is not as fulfilling. "Down there, nobody gives a damn about their work. There's work to do there, so they who don't like it, leave." Even the maddened, high-bred employees who answer phones or shuffle paper in LG-2's prefabricated offices admit to getting more than just money from the experience. "It's a great time to work here," says a female clerk. "It's like living in a dream." "I am the one I don't find people just like everyone else." Monk, 25, had already spent eight months at LG-2 before returning this summer.

Don't take it too far. This is the fourth major power development for 42-year-old Norman Bouley, an chief mechanical inspector for the James Bay Energy Corp., oversees the weighty but delicate task of assembling 10-ton turbine-generator units. Says Bouley, "Three-quarters of the guys working here I've seen at other power projects. We're like a tribe of nomadic Indians. Switching sites, Bouley exalts his vocation. "We're like hunters or scalpers who are driven to conquer."

John Verre, at least, would understand. A 40-year-old Idemee power plant, large enough to hold the world's largest turbine, is as fantastic as anything imagined by the author. It has already attracted the Canadian film company Astral Belvedere-Fabre Ltd. which is planning to produce a science-fiction feature in the depths of the LG-2.

Striving to limit the scars

Environmentalists wailed at the glowing flood of the land but aroused little lasting public sympathy. Making just a cloudy day the severity of the northern environment being sacrificed for energy and James Bay developers are showing in letters as few facts as possible behind their bulldozers. Eight million seedlings are being produced to reforest construction sites, queues have been restricted to land that will be covered by water, and reservoirs are protected by forest of birch, cedar, spruce, and other animals that could be trapped by the rising waters. So far, they have spotted none. Says chief project ecologist Robert

Marineau: "We're flooding a vast area, but nature can re-establish its balance here."



But for most Quebecers, the big spectacle will be the autumn inauguration of James Bay, now being planned as an explosion of self-justification by a governing party which, when it was an opposition, attacked every opposition to development and dammed it. Pursued approx-

imately, smaller animals such as moose and caribou are being driven by the reindeer. To reduce the death toll of beavers, James Bay authorities said. One happens to be on the lake when the area is flooded, that allowing populations to increase beyond the reservoir.

Other victims could be small fish drawn into lower-order habitats. But Marineau predicts that the walleye, northern pike, whitefish, grey trout and other lake fish will show the last century's power plants. A more serious problem could be the loss of spawning grounds for salmon during the summer. But who now lives north of James Bay but whose headwaters will be deflected westward to James Bay? That fishermen of Fort Chene have been promised that salmon spawning will not be reduced and Marineau is hoping and praying this season's migration to learn whether artificial spawning beds will be needed.

Marineau considers the environmental trade-offs to be a necessity to choose hydroelectric works over nuclear energy. "It's inevitable. It leaves no waste and though we are flooding a vast area, we can re-establish its balance here."

James Bay buyers are even encouraging Quebecers to learn to love their moose. Last winter, 1,500 frozen blocks of the subarctic variety were sold and shipped south for reinstallation on Montreal's Notre-Dame Island where next year the transplanted patch at James Bay territory will be part of an international show.

provision of the project appears all the more petty because the modern reality of James Bay power: it is the work of politicians but of La Grande Rivière and proud men and women whose end-of-the-world efforts are only now receiving their deserved appreciation. ☐

To further illustrate the universal male evening routine include occasional hard-core pornography and tell your best friend about Grand Ball at Lido performed at LG-2. But for the lovely and the magnificent, 14 two-day seminars at the project's principal sites are offered in the evening and, for night-time workers, in the early morning. Drunkenness is rarely a problem, practicing alcoholics can't work under the minimum 60-hour work weeks and for the informed there are Alcoholics Anonymous groups at the main camp. One addition not only tolerated but encouraged at LG-2 is gay undressing by the absence of dress. Men's have smoothed out a non-hot course from a bank of sand dunes and lie up their pants on hand-picked surfaces they call "grays."

Behavior

Marriage running down

Nancy Bette was delighted when her husband John, started jogging. "Life was overweight and out of shape," she confesses, she figured, would put more vim and vigor into both their lives.

And that's how it was at first. A Vancouver businessman, John had spent his days behind a desk, rarely walking farther than the parking lot. When he started running a mile a day, he still had lots of extra energy left. But pretty soon he was going eight miles a day, and his whole lifestyle changed. He refused to eat meat. Nancy found, preparing instead his own "health" food. She frequently ate alone. Weekends were the same. For John was off to the gym, meeting and meditations where she (as a non-runner) was out of place. Every night he ran for at least 30 minutes and bedtime became a secret 10 p.m. The couple's social life was soon virtually nonexistent; he no longer had time for it. Not long after that, their marriage fell apart. Two months ago they were divorced on grounds of incompatibility.

John and Nancy Bette—their names have been changed to protect privacy—thought they had a good relationship until last fall when John's career came between them. And though they are far from being alone. For although jogging may be good for your health it can be murder on your marriage.

The finding—the conclusion of extensive scientific studies by psychologist Theodore Kobrin—will be the subject of workshop discussion at the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association in New York this September. In December, Kobrin, who gained international notoriety with his book *The Joy of Running*, will hold a symposium for mental health therapists in California where the connection between running and divorce will again be examined.

Read the psychiatrist. "I have found that when a person starts jogging, his or her underlying personality changes. It's not surprising that the dynamics of a marriage that existed before that person began running would break up. I have seen this happen many



times and, in fact, it happened to me." His former wife, Ann, finished five marathons, gaining sufficient strength in her own personality to say that, as far as she was concerned, the marriage was not at the place it had been before. She wanted a divorce. They settled the divorce during another marathon which they ran together. "It was totally surprising to me because I was the one who encouraged her to run in the first place."

After the painful demise of his marriage he began to study the connection between running and divorce. Perilous with the knowledge, based on group therapy work with couples since 1960 that many marriages are based on diametric of complementary personality traits, he investigated running partners. "Running—and I have established this from results with my own patients—is a personality change agent. These people who run are engaging in a potentially psychologically frightening sport. It's leader with value judgments. The initiation of marriage versus the growth of the individual—that's where the conflict comes."

Statistics are hard to come by, but one self-telling figure shows that the divorce rate for the 3,000 runners in last year's New York marathon was twice as high as the United States' shocking national average of 90 divorces for every 1,000 intact marriages.

One of that marathon's top officials said, "I think you should ask the question, why do people really start running in the first place? Those who continue beyond the mile-a-day jogging stage must have a reason—a need to be alone and away from others. Maybe they are

running away from something."

The official added: "Before, they probably refused to submit to themselves, their wives or husbands, that the marriage wasn't working. But, as they progress in running, going, going, running and understanding, they found they could face it, admit their marriage was a failure, and go ahead with divorce."

As the jogging-running phenomenon has blossomed terrifically over the last decade, so, too, domestic life has taken a dramatic new course. While it would be misleading to go so far as to blame one in the other in any substantial way, there are undoubtedly fringe connections. In the U.S. the rate of divorce has more than doubled in the years since 1970 when there were 20 divorces for every 1,000 married couples who stayed together.

Liz Elliott, managing director of the U.S. National Sporting Association, has certainly noticed the high incidence of divorce among her sports addressees. She says: "Particularly with women who may have had a low opinion of themselves, running can greatly raise self-esteem. It helps them to think for themselves and once they start doing that, they re-evaluate their lives."

Geoff Elliott, director-general of the Canadian Track and Field Association in Ottawa, points out that between 100,000 and 200,000 Canadians are now regular runners. He says: "We have seen people start running as a sort of religion. And once you become a fanatic at anything you have to have a pretty sensitive mind to stand it. Come to think of it, I must make sure my own wife doesn't start." William Lawther

And the ladies bar the door

66 We publicly admitted what the living conditions are like here, some back home would worry about their husbands' fidelity and men would worry about an of encouraging debauchery," sighed James Bay spokesman Jack Paul Farnham. "The club is a good distraction in the James Bay work camp. It is a good distraction as much as any club in Montreal. Officially, men and women are segregated in separate dormitories where they live but in a room in fact, the women's quarters are mixed. Some female workers

would prefer rooms to share with a husband or lover while others, the understanding absence of roommates permit brief courtesies. They encounter between men and women occur early in the afternoon and recreation centres but the privileged spot for evening at LG-2 is the Club Alpin.

From the outside it is just another prefabricated cubing building but within its doors, pulsating interior the Club Alpin is a sensual dancehall sponsored by the female members. "To mention a sexual balance, men can enter only when invited by a female. So, each night, young men have to be back in the club's entrance, begging for an invitation. The odds are against them: only about 15 per cent of James Bay women are women."

Making mock of the macho man

LA CAPE AU FOLLO
Directed by Edward Zwick

Even these aristocratic snails who equate homosexuality with a case of leprosy must find *La Cape aux Folles* scrumptiously funny. It has been dancing up in New York like a domestic

When Renato's son Laurent confides to his gay father that he wants to be married, *La Cape*—a farce with a heart—wittily sets in motion his father's family in the prototype stuffy middle-class family: the mother, a diva and the father, a high-ranking official with something called the Union for

social peace. Also Macdonald—during a dinner party that has a smorgasbord of mistakes in manner. The "masculine" suspects to notice the disporting makes on the dinner plates, shouts the bride's father, "Goddess on my plate!" Later, he (Michel Galabru) is forced to adorn himself with the acrobaticness of the fair sex to avoid detection by reporters.

Directed by Melancia as brambled pine, *La Cape aux Folles* is the funniest movie to deal with inversion since *Some Like It Hot*. But the neoclassical's real, and touching, too you believe the two lovers of 30 years care for each other and you can't help but respect their caring. The Marquis Douglas attempted by all are diagnosed with all attempt for various reasons: reputation, style, the need to be liked, the fear of being found out for what we are. *La Cape* helps us meet about them. And gay, in the end, is something few will want to take exception to.

Lawrence O'Toole

How the West was blessed

THE PRISCO KID
Directed by Robert Alford

Funny, isn't it, how Hollywood continues to make westerns when almost no one goes to see them? And isn't it sad for this derivative American genre that virtually every western of the '70s has been either as silly or as parody? First they say some prayers

Robby Wilder: the hero of the epopee



over the corpse and then they dance on the coffin. Worst of all, there are few resources—this summer people would rather be scared to death at horror movies than pay their respects to the dead.

In this light—and a melancholy twilight it is—an enterprise like *The Prisco Kid* seems both out of date and offensively ironic. As it happens, the movie, by Michael Kinn and Francis Shaw, was written in 1973, when the West was still a place menagerie liked to visit and John Wayne was still the marshal and Marlon Brando was only a goofy glaze in Mel Brooks's eye. *The Prisco Kid* gambled was simple: set a rabbit on the range and ran him through the gamut of western conventions. Pair him with a sidekick, a straight-shooter cowboy and you've got a different kind of Old Gringo. The cowboy teaches the rabbit how to rob a bank, the rabbit teaches the cowboy how to dance the hula. The cowboy learns how to say "Oy Gervat," the rabbit learns how to say "Shee-it."

The result, after many delays and broken mirrors, is warm, witty entertainment. Considering that it throws together as Jews, Catholics, Chinese, Indians, Aztecs and good old American WASPs, the movie is remarkably good-natured. Its humor comes from the serious clashing of alien cultures, not from condemnation or contempt.

Gene Wilder is soft and furry, mawkish and lovable, mostly Jewish and all-American—a bunny rabbit, a Nipper with a moustache. Wilder has had some lean years of late, trying to prove himself the Renaissance Menarch of film. But he is still a superb comic actor, and he holds *The Prisco Kid* together with charm and resourcefulness. So you should go and enjoy the movie. You'll have a laugh or two, maybe even a tear—though you won't get scared, you'll still come out happy.

Good guys wear print shirts

SAMT JACK

Directed by Peter Bogdanovich

After a two-year absence, Peter Bogdanovich is back. Not back—*Samt Jack* is no mercurial masterpiece, no profound and wrenching scream of despair—but, at least, back behind the camera, which is where he belongs. Two years may not seem a long time in these days of mawkish movie-making, when many important directors take months just to order a coffee, but Bogdanovich is a 70s master of the energy and craftsmanship of the old Hollywood. He must be forever on the move shooting a film as he rewrites a

second and lines up a third. It's good to have him once again finding his habit—and ours—for well-made movies with engaging characters and a fine feeling for time and place.

If Bogdanovich were grinding out movies at the half-dozen-a-year rate that some of the best directors of the '60s approached, *Samt Jack*'s modest, old-fashioned virtues would stand out in greater relief. The movie's time and place: Singapore in the early '70s. The engaging characters Jack Flowers (Ben Gazzara)—a small-time, big-hearted hustler who dreams of running his own

whorehouse—and the seamy American, Englishman and Oriental who does business and pleasure with the movie junkies along episodically, propelled mostly by Gazzara's sturdy wit—until the climax—when Jack must resolve a moral dilemma that, because we have gotten to know him, is no dilemma at all. In this movie the good guys wear really print shirts.

Humble, as you have guessed, are not exactly in order for *Samt Jack* and Peter Bogdanovich. This time, a simple welcome back will have to do.

Richard Corliss



Serrault prepares the bride's father (Gallucci) for the public farce with a heart

on Derridre, looking to become one of those cult items that people cherish and see over and over again.

La Cape aux Folles is a clash on the Côte d'Azur featuring drug entertainment and owned by two middle-aged lovers, Renato (Ugo Tognazzi) and Zaza (Michele Serrault). An entertainer three times over, Zaza is a porno-tipped terror—Serrault's gloriously glib performance, fused to the music, is a cruel mélange of Lindsay Kemp, Divine, Quentin Crisp and Craig Russell. Every infection is a performance. The more conservative Renato has the patience of a saint—the straight man who smooths with the smallest raise of an eyebrow what Zaza achieves with all his flustering fingers. They're a perfect, normal couple—enjoying getting on each other's nerves.

Moral Order. Naturally, they want to meet the prospective son-in-law's family—and guess what happens when guess who's coming to dinner?

Les peripetias de Renato and Zaza reach epic proportions. Their fat, replete, independent in private detail, has to be totally reformed—instilling a large crucifix and Spanish baroque furniture that statues of the Inquisition might have been forced to sit on. A black "mad" (Benny Luke), previously accused in scurries, is recruited to dress straight, one small problem is that he can't walk in normal shoes. And in one of the funniest scenes ever recorded on film, Zaza is unsuccessfully taught by Renato to "turner his taut like a man," during which both Zaza's nose and the taut fly off in the most unexpected directions. For the coup de grace there's Zaza's impression of Renato's mother—awful thimbletoe earrings, wig askew and sensible shoes to

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The stars of Supertramp (clockwise from left): Halliwell, Hodgson, Davies, Thomas, Hodgson: some nice guys (left to right)

No living in a rock 'n' roll fantasy

By Judith Timson

Outside the Holiday Inn on a typically muggy Winnipeg afternoon, three limousines, silver, black and grey, snake up the drive and come to a halt, their doors springing open. Out of the hotel come three members of Supertramp, at this moment, one of the world's hottest rock bands. It seems the rock 'n' roll fantasy is about to unfold.

Flanked by reporters, surrounded by photographers, barely visible in the swirling mob of screaming fans, flash pressing against their flash, bands waving at their clothes, the three spring to the safety of the limousines and hop exuberantly into the backseat. One of them, pale and blinking from a night of debauchery, stares glower-eyed at the crowd. "Asshole," he murmurs. "They're all animals."

On this day, the fantasy goes deflated knowing the fancy fleet, the three limos for a well-known Chevrolet Impala. "Who're the limos for?" lead guitarist and vocalist Roger Hodgson wonders out loud. "For the road crew. No buses today," replies one of their managers. Hodgson smiles delighted at the idea of Supertramp's "roadies" arriving in high style at the airport to catch a flight to Toronto. As the Impala moves off into the traffic, smugly smugly John Anthony Helliwell, with shoulder-length long blonde hair, spectacles and a moustache on dry it crackles, stuns out the window. "Move along now," he commands the driver. "I might get recognized." He spots an old drink slumped at a bus stop bench. "There! I think that guy's seen us!" Everyone in the car laughs.

When you are very successful, with platinum records and sell-out concerts to prove it, and when you are intelligent

enough not to take yourself too seriously, "becoming anonymous" can become a lot of a man's job. At any rate, the gag has been the reality for Supertramp. With neither the outrageous charm of the Beatles, nor the animal magnetism of the Rolling Stones, the five members of the band could walk down any street in the world unnoticed. Rejecting image, deflecting hype—they recently said no to *People* magazine—they are so nondescript that even their own record company, A&M, has trouble recognizing them, turning them away at the door. "I'm a really kid looking for work," says their Canadian manager Cheryl Froese.

But Supertramp does not need to look for work. The group's latest album, *Breakfast in America*, with its hit single, *The Logical Song*, has since its release last March, climbed swiftly to the No. 1 position on the pop charts in Germany, Switzerland, France, Holland, Norway, Australia, the United States and Canada. And while another A&M recording star, Peter Frampton, once the darling of the under-30 set, has had to cancel shows in Montreal and Toronto because of luxury ticket sales, Supertramp, which has always been widely popular in Canada, embarked on a mid-summer 15-date tour that has been packing in the largest sell-outs ever to attend rock concerts in this country, and will continue to do so until the tour ends in Vancouver on Aug. 13.

While the grooves at either extreme go mad with disco or celebrate the soul with New Wave, the vast chink of audience in the middle has settled down to "listen" with Supertramp. First night out for the band in Winnipeg, 1,800 sat almost impassively in the Convention Centre, behaving as though they all had imaginary headphones pumping the Supertramp sound to them. The first show was nowhere making that collage connection again was hard for the band after a three-week break to recover from an exhausting 60-show American tour. But what did the fans care? Their average age was 17, they wore blue jeans, T-shirts, even jogging shorts; they looked on the whole, a clean-cut lot—and they were clearly The Converted.

The band laid out its responsible "no-party-rock," a carefully abstracted, syncretic blend of serious music with lyrics that are sometimes compelling (*History records how great the fall can be/While everybody's sleeping, the*



Doors put out its act) and sometimes obscure (I've been nothing but a dreamer... can you put your hands in your head, oh no). The trappings were fancy: a superlative light show featuring two color-mandala suspended from the stage, touches of drama—several movie clips on visual backdrops, including one of Churchill's ranting "We shall never surrender," touches of fun—a dancing costumed banana, a prancing gorilla and the Tempests, a chorus of madmen dressed in toons.

At the end of an intensive 50-hour show, a slender, frizzy-haired little blonde sits rows from the front leaped to her feet, calling for more. "They're dis-sick," she sought to explain. "They're poetic. They're so... artistic." The actuary has much to do with the clarity of Supertramp's sound, arguably less a matter of art than a triumph of high technology. Their equipment—50 tons of it, shunted from city to city on five semi-trailers—almost has a personality of its own. Worth about \$1 million, it is

Costume in Winnipeg: rock music for people who don't want their scary

all sewed by the band and some of it was helmed by the band and some of it was helmed by the band. Through it, mellow sax, woodier blower keyboard work, upbeat tempos and smooth harmonies were translated into superlative sound.

It is very polished music, with nothing primitive or visceral, but even sexual about it. Maybe a little bit of angst (I know it sounds absurd/But please tell me who I am) and a glimpse at the breakdown of society, but nothing you couldn't comfortably hug while, say, jogging—the whip does not come down. Supertramp is for people who do not like their rock 'n' roll away.

They're just not your average happy-dut rock band, nor do they come on like one on the Air Canada flight from Winnipeg to Toronto, the scene was too vibrant to qualify even as a British Isles version of *Animal House*, let alone the stereotyped horror vision of Rock

Band on the Road. Most of the entourage—about 30 of them, hand and crew—sat together in the economy section, trading quips and a quart or two from a rugged water pistol. John Helliwell was quietly reading an issue *Asimov* paperback until his eye was caught by a prong in the back cover for a book with the questionable title of *All Night Stand*. It possessed a waxy, inside look at "the glimmer, sex and excitement of a pop group on its way to the top." Not Supertramp, which has gained the reputation of being a family, or at least an institution, on the road.

The band's classiness stems from the fact that in the early days the members all lived together in various establishments, one a 17th-century Somerset farmhouse where, with outside financial assistance, they put together their music. Some of the road crew (one is an Oxford graduate) have been with Supertramp for more than five years, an unusual occurrence in the highly transient music business. "We consider

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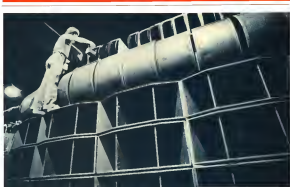
ourselves a bit beyond your average rock 'n' roll syndrome," says one of them. Outsiders, especially anyone who wants to cruise in the band's energy or status are firmly rebuffed. And insiders are constantly on "ego alert." "We have an expression for anyone who lets the whole thing go to his head," says Hellivell. "We say, you're coasting on a bit of fame, aren't you?"

The head has had more than a nodding acquaintance with the little time. Hellivell used to be a computer programmer. Rick Davies, vocalist, keyboard artist and co-founder of the group, was a spot welder. Scottish-born bass guitarist Dougie Thomson once sold Bibles and drummer Rob C. Benson, the only American in the band, at one time delivered flowers to mortuaries. Only Roger Hodgson, the product of a staff, upper-class education at Stowe, a British boarding school, has never held a day-to-day job.

He and Davies got together in 1969 after Hodgson's mother ("a very strong woman") urged him to answer an ad in a music paper for a "genuine opportunity" to form a band. "I was scared, so she pushed me," says Hodgson. The ad had been placed by Davies, a working-class bloke from Swindon, England, who had landed, much to his own surprise, in a lucky situation while drumming with a group called The Joint in Munich, he had been introduced to Stoney (Ston) August Macgregor, an eccentric Detroit millionaire with the soul of a poet and a burning desire to sponsor a rock 'n' roll band. To Sten, Davies was a shining example of talent. With his encouragement (and money), Davies eventually gave up drumming and took up keyboards and strings.

In some ways becoming a legit musician complicated things, although Hodgson, who, after meeting Davies, also benefited from the legends, worries now that "spending Ray's money wasn't a good thing for us." After a two-year volatile relationship, replete with 24-hour-distance phone calls and outlandish presents (once a 40-foot decrepit bus), Sten took his leave of the group, leaving them a \$190,000 debt as a parting gesture.

Hodgson and Davies, the songwriting team at the centre of Supertramp's success, moved around with different managers and as unaffiliated musical style for two years (peaking out two albums) until 1975, when they held the auditions that established the lineup responsible for Supertramp's unique, engaging sound. (Also responsible at their concert engineer Stuart Pope, a very



South Africa who gave up his own musical career when he realized he would never be as good as Jima Hendrix, and since then has converted himself with being credited as the opening sixth member of Supertramp.) Dougie Thomson, 37, read max Hellivell and drummer Benson, a California expatriate living in London at the time, together with Hodgson and Davies, have released four albums—*Crusade of the Cross*, *Cross? What Cross?*, *After in the Quarter Moments* and *Breakfast in America*.

From *Cross* to *Breakfast*, the band has spanned an ocean, and its move to California two years ago is reflected in its music. In the esoteric title cut from *Cross* of the *Cross*, it sang "men of land and greed and glory." Now, it simply complains about "grease in Hollywood." Boarding-school boy Hodgson and factory lad Davies have succumbed to the American influence in strikingly different ways. Davies, 38, wears Calvin Klein designer jeans and, as known as the capital-S Semtex one, as well as the cure. His class-hardened approach is perfectly reflected in his first (and crowd-pleasing) song, *Silly Will Right*. "Do you think your school's phony..." Hodgson's counterpart, from *The Logical Song*—

"When I was young I sensed that life was so wonderful, a miracle..."—gives equal response. The two have not actually written together for years and both doubt whether they could do so again.

Davies' only expressed vision of the future is a prize. "Well, I want to be playing with Supertramp for the rest of my life. Thank God I can play a grand

Supertramp needs attending part of the \$1-million bond in own personality.

organ. There are plenty of old people around doing that." Hodgson, meanwhile, has become obsessed with larger themes. Unable to read a newspaper without shuddering at the self-destructive sentences of modern riffs, he is convinced that present-day society is in the final stages of a breakdown. So he's shouting around for "safe" land to buy and shove and thinking of boarding silver to get him through the coming depression. "But there'll be a rebirth," he says hopefully.

Hodgson thinks sadly that most music today is "selfish music" that offers little joy. "Of course, the Beatles had it all—music that touched the head, heart and body. I hope we do a little of that as well." Davies, characteristically, is far more pessimistic. "Don't forget we're a very manufactured group," he says. "I don't see us as that big." The firm threatening to sue them would probably have their own thoughts about the cultural impact of Supertramp—after all, they appear to be more concerned about their rock audience. There is not much "getting down" with the music; it's more a matter of being uplifted by the polish and perfection of the sound. Still, it would be a supreme irony if the result of all this hardware, this blending of high-tech hardware and generous talent, resulted in a sound so smooth it disappeared without a trace. ☐

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Inside the games

The world of "games" film was set in 2008 with Leni Riefenstahl's *Olympische Spiele*, a four-hour chronicle of Hitler's Olympics. Riefenstahl's classic was emulated by the succession of official filmings at each Olympic juncture until American David Wolper selected eight of the world's best directors to produce 16-minute segments of the 1972 Olympic "Without Wolper's *Visions of Eight* we couldn't have taken the liberties we did with the Montreal Olympic film," says the National Film Board's Jacques Robert. "Without the Montreal film, we couldn't have made the Edmonton film."

The Edmonton film is *Gang the Distance* (shown on the CTV network on Sunday afternoons, Aug. 4), the \$840,000 chronicle of last summer's XI Commonwealth Games in Edmonton. The film is as daring a departure from Wolper as Wolper was from the docudrama Riefenstahl—as much a product of chance, setbacks and timing as the performance of the athletes it portrays. Na chronicle or catalogue of medals and times, the film is a semi-fictional mix of human and personal drama—the games, an incidental element.

As a luncheon meeting in Montreal in 1977, executive producers Robert, Robert Vernal and director-writer Paul Cowan decided to follow individual athletes from their training periods in their native land to the finale of the games. From the field of 1,473 competitors, 15 were chosen. After three months of filming and four months of editing, eight remained. Chance, injury and culture reduced the field, just as chance added to it. One of the crews arrived in Kenya to discover that the country's athletic federation was searching for a 13-year-old girl who, raising barefoot, had recorded a remarkable time in a distance race. The crew at the federation found her on the same day. To television audiences and newspaper readers across the Commonwealth, Wayna Kiteti is an among moons, frail African who finished ninth in a race. To those who see *Gang the Distance*, she is a child who carries water for her family five miles a day in the rainy season, 20 miles in the dry, the daughter of a woman unable to comprehend that Wayna



Wayna Kiteti, 13-year-old Kenyan runner (No. 143, above), waltz after Proculus McKenzie's chance, injury, failure, victory

would actually fly in one of those planes she seen overhead, a girl who would run in shoes for the first time.

For those who have suffered knowing "toothy parents," there are the Goormans of Winnipeg. There is tiny Moana (13 years old, four-foot-one, 74 pounds) almost thirty-year-old trying to perfect a somewhat distant from the uneven parallel bars in her parents' garden under the harsh stare of her coach-mother. And there is her father saying, "It is not necessary to be friends and play on the street." Our children just do different things.

Previous games films have captured the power, grace and rippling musculature of athletes, reinforcing the gulf between these special people and the beer-soaked athletes in stadiums and away chains. Going the *Distance* captures four-time Commonwealth gold-

medalist waltz after Proculus McKenzie leading a middle-aged exercise class, one of the world's strongest men, Geoff Capes, leading his paralympic, 100-down life of blind cyclist Steve Ingham's mother, who worked 16 hours a day for two years to pay her way to Edmonton. Timonin's incredible runner Philbert Rapi leaving the rainy weather that triggers his chronic malaria. Toronto boxer John Rahmy sparring with his brother in the family basement, and Canadian diver Linda Cathbert suffering through a grueling training session with fellow diver Janet Natier.

In a remarkably intimate and poignant segment, the fears and trials of a champion athlete are captured as few athletic sport ever them. Time and again, from the three-meter-high diving tower, Cathbert attempts a difficult dive. As she pulls herself from the pool, her coach, Jim Lambie, is there. "You are a total diver, hermit, coward," Lambie yells. "You couldn't be the champion of a game unless they held one for chickenheart."

Once the games begin, the night and their events are kaleidoscoped, to some bad luck in each and in the whole. Three men gold medal, the disappointment of the other five brings the gulf with the audience. How large an audience will be able to see *Gang the Distance* is the only question—it's not for general release. It will be shown at the Commonwealth conference in London, has been distributed to the 48 member nations and will be available free from 1978 libraries across the country. Aside from the CTV fee, little of the \$840,000 will be recouped. As an old epiphany from the tale of Max, walking his bike up a narrow cobblestone street, says in the film: "It's been beautiful, isn't it? I guess you won't make it to our picture house." We can say the same.

Hal Quinn

The helium lift of ballet's air corps

To see the Bolshoi's Vyacheslav Gerasimov dance to watch human effort transform itself into the sport of a god. He's the most lyrical dancer alive and, at the same time, one of the most brutal. Passion, power, strength and nobility—he has it all, and the sensitivity to solder the parts into a whole, shuddering image of beauty. Like Rysanovsky, he defies male classical dancing and their quietly exerts it, the big, like-wire hands move over motion, suppressively, the thighs have a posturalist turn and plasticity that give him a ballet left into the air, and in an astonishing series of jumps, the leg passed to the back in the jump trails like a floating banner. Gerasimov never reveals his accents, he just simply, mysteriously does it.

The Bolshoi Ballet's first Canadian tour in 32 years—Montreal, Toronto, then later in the fall, Vancouver—is a confirmation of the 200-year-old company's world stature and its supremacy in the area of male dancing. There's Gerasimov, of course, in the spec-

tacular Montreal performances of *Spencer*, choreographed, as are all the works, by the company's artistic director, Yuri Grigorovich. The story of the gladiator who led a doomed revolt against imperial Rome. *Spencer*, with its massive geometric formations of troops and slaves and staid Roman armor, is fairly awful. Cross high-flying classical technique with Radio City Music Hall and you get the general idea. But as bad as it is, what other ballet company could pull it off?

Bolshoi males, most of them younger dancers in this lot, are startling mix of athletes and unsung heroes. They have the bulk (that ability to stay suspended in midair) that used to be the exclusive province of the Danes, and speed and precision, and elongated, tapered legs stretched by training (some of it from Leonid's famous Kirov school) to perform a tremendous "give" between the thigh and the knee. The male style (Alexander Godunov is an

example) is a mix of athletic, athletic

element (exponent) that has been developed in U.S.S.R. is a study in itself. The male, huge into the lifts, drift themselves with formal and apparently perfunctory precision and then, en masse, relax and melt into a single line that, settling, is like a giant breath exhaling. Seeing the potential of male style, Grigorovich has created every square inch of floor space he can for them, even in a ballet as traditionally "female" as *Swan Lake*.

With their crown-like thick necks and powerful, model phrasing, Bolshoi dancers are a study in elegance, their sturdy and soft points work. However, the Bolshoi has always been watermarked by its female soloists and stars—Natalia Bessmertnaya, Ludmila Semenyakina and the young prodigy, Natalia Pavlova. The wife of Gerasimov in *Spencer* and in real life, Pavlova, who does into every step, is an unparalleled virtuoso. She's the company's astonishing technician; Semenyakina is its astonishing artist.

Semenyakina's *Odette/Odile* in *Swan Lake* isn't modern in the Western world. Not that it's the "best"—it's just that it's unlike any other. She doesn't project the role of the woman imprisoned in a swan but ballet acting the way other ballerinas do. Instead, she reveals the character—and the story—by improvising each step, freezing it into an image. What may seem mechanical in her performance is actually liveliness. At the other end of the spectrum is Nina Timofeyeva who is as old as the hills. Her aging voluptuousity in *Spencer* was a cross between Gypsy Rose Lee and Ethel Merman. Amazingly, she goes for all the big effects and she's still able to get them. Semenyakina is a crystal expert; Timofeyeva is just water—but with every taste.

The Bolshoi also performed *Onegin* on the Canadian tour. Its one-day stand in Toronto came about because the theatre was already booked by that portion of cultural achievement, Chere. Unfortunately, there were new works were used for the experience. New York stars. One of them, a retired *Swan* and Juliet, has caused pains ballerinas Maya Plisetskaya and four others to speak out vehemently against it. At the Montreal *Swan Lake* there was a political protest in the front row on behalf of Russian Jews. By the end, a Place des Arts artist ran up and gave Semenyakina flowers. Semenyakina, in a burst of spontaneity, embraced and kissed her. It seemed to confirm the good feeling she had for the company all evening. Art is often the only unselfish form of dance.

Lawrence O'Toole



Photo by [unreadable]

Travels with three men, a Beetle and Big Brother's dancing den mother

By Alan Fotheringham

I was exactly 28 years ago. It was July summer and I was travelling. I was travelling through Russia in a Volkswagen with a blonde. The blonde—was that it—was that it was a slightly crowded Beetle, also inconspicuous two other males, one a lawyer now practising in Vancouver, the other a journalist long associated with the San Francisco Chronicle. The blonde, the 28-year-old den mother, the Big Sister provided by Big Brother. Ella Denisova was what, in calibrated 1969,

we could still call a diva. She was a member of the Young Communist League and loved the tune from *My Fair Lady*. She had a lawyer boy-friend, spoke impeccable Oxford English and didn't want to read Boris Pasternak, but she struggled then.

This was the first year when the Soviet Union felt confident enough to allow foreigners to drive their own cars into the treacherous empire. It sounds insane now, but the project was to drive Russia from top to bottom, exit through the Balkans, swinging our way through Romania and Bulgaria to emerge in Greece. In those days, one had unlimited faith in a Volk, an automotive Kodak, to carry one anywhere. That was the plan and you know what happens to plans.

When we crossed the border from Poland into Russia—fully aware that we would be met by a grade-1 interpreter from Inouart, the state tourist agency—there was more resignation at the prospect of shoving our rear-angled seats with some distant dollar bill. The road was, or perhaps a lefty lady in buttoned shoes and basic black instead. Ella, for her part, she redoubled later that befuddled she had delicately concluded she was stuck with three boy-wounded businessmen. Another day would be before the good fortune. There was justice after all. Little indeed had a sense of humor.

Down through the thin forests on the way to Leningrad. One of the sudden nights these men have witnessed a holiday camp for factory workers, the men sodden in their pyjamas, going list-

lessly at the water, the factory women, in their print dresses, solemnly dancing with one another beneath the trees to the haunting melody of *Moscow Nights*. Leningrad, that most beautiful of faded cities, the Solobas and the street apart outside pleading for three Brubeck records and red lipstick.

There was the relentless affluence of Moscow as we forged north, plotting the journey via the frequent bus pumps, as a Vancouver would navigate toward each cache of jewellery. Ella's eye makeup increased. With three men at

ever tried to count the staffer?

It was the best education possible, shoring through that wily, sonder land from top to bottom, as we could for understanding as driving Canada from Montreal to Vancouver. From the log cabins north of Leningrad to the hard burn dump in the dry heat of the Ukraine, Ella could not understand our basic attempt at photographing the dead-end lifestyle.

She remembered other things. In the stage of Leningrad, when the Germans surrounded the city for 900 days but could not take it, she, as a small girl, was in a small room of food she could not get out of bed. Her father was one potato a day. We played on south, to rough, industrial Kharkov. The daily supporting of domestic women's rights terminated in the claustrophobia of the Bug closed in Delightful Kiev, heart of the Ukraine, full of warmth and color. The plan began to founder on the chaos of mindless bureaucracy. Bulgaria would grant a visa for car travel. But Romania would not. To reach Bulgaria one had to cross Romania. An expensive Czech car.

Den mother did not fail. There was, to the south, the Black Sea port of Odessa, the famed wartime port, next door to the Crimea and Taita and the aging F.D.R. and all that. A ship that could take the cow-headed Volkswagen—no Romania and Bulgaria permit—no remote Istanbul on the Bosphorus would soon be available. We made for Odessa.

A most pleasant city, actually, sloping to the water. A most emotional farewell dinner at a hotel—specially as the owner of the deplorable little car, once we reached our destination of Athens, would turn left in an attempt to drive to Hong Kong leaving two of us to hump back to London. Many toasts, much wine, good brandy, voices of enduring friendship with den mother. We turned down to the dock, kissed fondly farewell and Ella promptly turned me over to the police, who arrested me and seized all my photographs. Ella and I don't correspond much anymore.



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